

The Front Page

IT IS of the first importance for the future of Canada that Parliament, and the Canadian people as a whole, should form a correct opinion as to the real attitude of the French-speaking population of Quebec on the subject, not of conscription, but of resistance to conscription after conscription has been voted by a majority in Parliament, with the authorization of a majority of the electors as expressed in the plebiscite. Is it really the deeply held conviction of the French-speaking people of Quebec that they are entitled to refuse obedience to a law of the nation, enacted after a most meticulous observance of democratic procedure, and from which the constitution provides them with no ground for exemption?

That is an extremely difficult question to answer. The plebiscite was not a vote on whether conscription should be resisted, nor even whether it should be enacted; it was merely a vote on whether the Government should be authorized to enact it if it saw fit. The almost unanimous No vote of French Quebec does not therefore afford a ground for estimating the strength of the probable resistance to conscription when enacted; and in any case its unanimity is partly accounted for by Mr. Leduc's observations in the Legislature debate, that if the large French-Canadian element in the overseas forces had been at home during the campaign they would have seen to it that it was possible to hold meetings in favor of a Yes vote. The speeches of men like Mr. Chaulout obviously do not represent the attitude of the Quebec Legislature as a whole, and its resolution as finally adopted was couched in relatively moderate language.

It appears to us that there is much to be said for the policy which was suggested in these columns some months ago when the situation was far less acute than at present. That is the policy of imposing upon the Quebec Legislature the responsibility of deciding whether Quebec shall or shall not accept a common position with the rest of Canada in the matter of compulsory service overseas. Responsibility has an extremely chastening effect. It is conceivable that the Legislature might refuse to allow Quebec to be thus isolated from the rest of Canada, though we admit that the prospect seems at the moment unlikely. But what is certain is that if the majority decided in favor of isolation there would immediately develop a very vigorous, courageous and well-argued opposition to such a policy among the French-Canadians themselves, and such an opposition could no longer be howled down with the cry of racial treason.

Conservative Problem

FOR the successful functioning of parliamentary democracy it is essential that there should be an alternative political group ready to take over the government when the occupying political group ceases to command the support of the electorate. It is also important that the electors should know who that alternative political group is and what it stands for; since otherwise they are merely voting to throw the old group out and without any knowledge of what they are going to put in. In the Dominion there are at present two political groups which might replace the present Liberal Government—the Conservative party and the C.C.F. In the event of a defeat or break-up of the Liberal party, the succeeding Government would be one of these two groups or else a combination of the two together or of one of them with elements of the Liberal party.



IN BRITAIN TODAY, TWO OUT OF EVERY THREE ARE MOBILIZED FOR WAR.
ABOVE: THE NEWLY FORMED WOMEN'S JUNIOR AIR CORPS. SEE PAGE TWO.

The make-up and tendencies of the C.C.F. are fairly clear to the electors today; it is a socialist party with certain reservations in respect of the "family farm." The make-up and tendencies of the Conservative party are both thoroughly obscure, and it is highly desirable that they should cease to be obscure as soon as possible. They were obscure enough before the recent experiment with Mr. Meighen; they are doubly so today. We have been assuming, in common with most observers, that the group who were responsible for the Meighen experiment were disposed to accept that experiment as having been written off, thus leaving the field as clear as it was before the Ottawa executive meeting. Latest advices are to the effect that they are not so disposed, and that they will exercise their control of the party machinery in any process of reconstruction. We can only record the view that this is likely to render the process of reconstruction considerably more difficult, and to delay it, perhaps for many months, at a time when speedy action is pre-eminently desirable. We

are approaching a situation in which the existence of a strong, united, sane and progressive Conservative party may be of vital importance to the future of the Dominion.

Inefficient Compulsion

CANADIANS are today being governed to a much greater extent than they realize by a system of economic prohibitions, which have an immensely compulsive effect upon those who have to have a gainful employment in order to live, but are not greatly noticed by those who have independent sources of income or are ensconced in positions from which they are not likely to be expelled.

The prohibition against the employment of a very large and entirely unselected group of male Canadians in any new position except in the most necessary industries is a compulsion of an extreme kind. It is to a large extent, as Mr. Leduc pointed out in the Quebec Legislature, a compulsion towards military service,

A Way To Unity

See article by Hon. S. Gobeil, page 6.

When it fails to be that, it is a compulsion towards certain kinds of industry. But it is an indirect compulsion, in which the government accepts no responsibility towards the individual. And it is a compulsion which operates in the most haphazard and indiscriminate manner.

It does not, for example, operate at all on people who have jobs and can keep them. The employer is not required to fire anybody who is now in his employ, he is merely forbidden to take into his employ anybody who is not already there. And on the other hand, it does operate on everybody who is so unlucky as to be, or become, unemployed and who happens to be within the prescribed age limits, whether he is fit for military service or not, and whether he has the slightest competence for any essential industry or not.

The result is that a great number of people are being left in unessential industries who might profitably be diverted to essential industries, and are being left there merely because the government has not nerve enough to tell them to get out; and a great number of people who are useless for both military service and essential industries are being kept out of any employment, merely because the government has not got around to telling them that they are useless for these things and letting them look for employment where they can.

There are many industries which are not of the first order of importance for winning the war, but which are still being carried on with some measure of government approval, and which need the services of some of these men but cannot engage them. It is absurd that a man needing a job and a job needing a man should be kept apart merely because the government has not got around to finding out that the man is not suitable for military service or shipbuilding and knows nothing whatever about agriculture.

The Mantle of Laurier

ENGLISH-SPEAKING Canadians who in these difficult days find themselves tempted to a feeling of hostility against all French-Canadians, or at least all those in the province of Quebec, should bear in mind that there are still French-Canadians in Quebec like Mr. F. J. Leduc, M.L.A., who with four English-speaking members and two other French-Canadians (both from constituencies with a considerable English vote) went on record against the resolution of the Quebec Legislative Assembly calling for retention of the voluntary enlistment policy. There are, we believe, more French-Canadians who lean to Mr. Leduc's way of thinking than one would suppose from the noise made on the other side of the case.

Mr. Leduc, who is a Montreal engineer, made a very impressive speech in explanation of his position. "Before being a French-Canadian I am a Canadian, and I am proud to say so," he said. He had been educated at the Mount St. Louis College, where he had learned "a patriotism which went from ocean to ocean." He had a son training in the Canadian army and wanted him to feel at home there and not a stranger. He did not want to act in such manner as to disinherit the thousands of young French-Canadians who were under arms abroad, and who incidentally, had they been in Canada during the plebiscite campaign, would have made it possible for speakers to address Quebec meetings in favor of the affirmative. The House sat through Mr. Leduc's speech in a condition which the *Gazette* correspondent describes as "grimly and painfully silent." The

(Continued on Page Three)

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
The Plebiscite and National Unity	Hon. S. Gobeil 6
Blackout on Trade Names Possible	G. C. Whittaker 8
Great Slugging Match in Russia	Willson Woodside 12
At the Warden's Post	Rosamond Boulton 25
Why Britain Is Winning the Air-Wave War	Robertson Davies 4
Oil and Tankers	M. R. Kirkland 7
The Pleasing Insanity of California	L. S. B. Shapiro 14
The New Battle Schools	P. O'D. 22

THE BUSINESS FRONT

Canada Joins Munitions Assignment Board	Maxwell Cohen 26
U.S. Tries Price Control	P. M. Richards 26
Fire Waste Increases in Canada	George Gilbert 30

After you finish reading SATURDAY NIGHT why not mail to a member of the fighting services in Canada or Overseas. Just paste address label over your own—affix 2c stamp up to 44 pages, 3c for a larger issue — and mail. It will be appreciated — immensely.

British Schoolgirls Prepare For Ground Duties with RAF



In Britain they now have the Women's Junior Air Corps, counterpart of the Boys' Air Training Corps. For acceptance in the new organization, volunteers must be between the ages of 14 and 18. The WJAC trains in anti-aircraft operational duties, transport driving. As uniforms the girls wear grey skirts, Air Force blouses and wedge caps. Above: the Company Sergeant prepares a group for the day's inspection by . . .



. . . the youthful Commandant whose keen eye detects badly knotted tie.



Inspection over for another day, the girls march briskly to classes.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Discontent and the "No" Vote

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE article by Mr. Jean Louis Gagnon in your issue of May 16, with some editorial approval from you, is valuable in reminding us that economic discontent is not unknown in the province of Quebec, and that, as is the case in the rest of Canada, it is quite common to find in Quebec that those who hold absurd doctrines of a narrow nationalism often also hold extreme theories in social and economic matters. As you know, of course, it is quite usual to find that all the "pink" professors, the socialistic young civil servants at Ottawa, and all the self-appointed intellectuals were, up to the outbreak of war, usually the isolationists; the opponents of the British connection; the objectors to military preparations as well as the advocates of the advantages of economic reconstruction. It is not surprising to know that this has also been the case in the Province of Quebec—with the exception that here the stress has been laid on the supposed economic wrongs of a race—not of a class.

However, when Mr. Gagnon attempts to prove that economic discontent was the cause of the "No" vote on conscription, those who know the Province of Quebec and

COLOR IN THE WILLOWS

DARLING . . . the color has come back, in the willows.
Remember how it was, last year?
Incredibly orange . . .
Little orange willow switches
Hardly bending:

Remember the white shore road
And the blue water in the Bay
Still fretted with clotted snow
At the sand edge?

The sky was a light, high blue
And all the clouds were little, and frisky.
And we kept making wagers about the willows
At every curve in the road.

Darling . . . the color has come back in the willows;
But I have no one . . . to bet with!

MONA GOULD.

love the inhabitants of it will find themselves unable to agree with his reasoning.

There is a very real fact—at which Mr. Gagnon hints—that the too general isolation of Quebec from the affairs of the great world in international matters has its counterpart in a similar isolation in economic affairs; that the weaknesses of the educational system in our Province, which are responsible for failure to understand the dangers of this war, have also produced a people not fully equipped to compete with the rest of North America in material progress.

On the other hand, no one not a fanatic on economic reform could doubt for a moment that economic discontent in the Province of Quebec is the result of nationalistic and racial agitation—not the cause of it. It should be only too clear that the "No" vote of April 27 and the present dangerous division between the province of Quebec and the rest of Canada is the direct and inevitable result of a campaign originated by the Liberal Party machine in the province of Quebec in the 1921 election with the placid assent of the present Prime Minister, and all his English-speaking associates. That other political groups took up the cry is well known. The basic trouble, however, is that, in every federal and provincial campaign since 1921, every Liberal orator has played on conscription—almost to the exclusion of every other question.

Mr. Gagnon's attempt to throw the blame on economic conditions can be discounted by one simple statement:

No two economic groups in Canada have suffered as severely, in recent years, from causes entirely beyond their own control, as have the fishermen in Nova Scotia and the wheat farmers of Western Canada. The latter group contains a very large percentage of persons of other than British origin. The Western farmers have been subjected to more intensive education in class hatred than ever was the case in the province of Quebec. They have been the pet victims of Socialists, Social Credit lunatics, and every other conceivable group of preachers of economic discontent. Nowhere else in the country is it possible to find a group whose actual economic disadvantages have been so serious, and so skillfully exploited by the exponents of class hatred. Yet the farmers of Western Canada and the fishermen of Nova Scotia have remained fully aware of the march of international events. With no greater courage—for the attacks on the courage of French-Canadians are unjustified—farmers of Western Canada and fishermen of Nova Scotia have shown a much greater percentage of voluntary enlistment than have the French-Canadians. They have voted heavily in favor of conscription now that voluntary enlistment seems to be insufficient.

The plain fact is that in this war a people's war economic discontent has not been a factor in delaying other groups from straining every effort in the struggle. The evidence is overwhelming that it was not economic discontent which produced the "No" vote in Quebec—it was the cultivation of narrow nationalism and racial hatred by politicians, for the single purpose of gaining and holding office.

Montreal, Que.

QUEBECERS.

They Stay Dead

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

MOVIES are the reason why this country doesn't get hopped-up about the war.

In films, we're used to seeing folks high-jacked and killed; nothing hurts us and the actors come back in their next picture.

So, now, most of us just don't get the newsreels of real war; we don't feel that families like our own are being robbed and murdered.

If all of us don't come to understand pretty quick what's going on and get set in the right way of stopping it we're likely to be very sorry, badly hurt and killed for keeps.

Hamilton, Ont. MAURISH O'HAGEN.

Gloom Unrelieved

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

NO ONE can be as pessimistic as an optimist. The authors of the many books coming out of New York and Boston this season are a-wearying over the world. To them it seems desperately, incredibly out of gear.

Perhaps the course of thinking (or non-thinking) upon which young Americans were nourished in Public School No. 97 and High School No. 30 and the State College may be responsible in part for this ecstasy of gloom. For years it was assumed that the United States of America was Freedom's answer to prayer. Was it not founded on a perfect Constitution, perfectly administered? Was it not the strongest and sweetest and most alluring of all nations? Everybody said so; even the professors.

Everybody knew that the United States was first in war and first in peace; that it had never been beaten in fight, and never could be beaten. Wasn't it true that the Great War would have gone on forever if the Americans hadn't come to Chateau Thierry? Everyone knew that too. It was like those foolishly obvious paragraphs in the First Book of

Euclid, such as "Things equal to the same thing are equal to one another."

It is true that some years ago a fellow called Sinclair Lewis wrote a book called *Main Street* which asked a lot of inconvenient questions. But the Babbitts dismissed him as a sore-head, not realizing that he was a congenital optimist "in a state."

More lately a book called *The Grapes of Wrath* exploded like a thunder-clap. John Steinbeck, a natural optimist, had seen things and conditions that could not be in the perfect Republic, and decided that he was the man to raise Hell about it. And how!

While the domestic scene was being examined as never before (studying the owls in the academic barns) the republicans in Spain were crushed to a bloody pulp and a paper-hanger set out to stifle all freedom of the individual, erase a score of States from the map and conquer the world.

The optimists on the hither side of the Atlantic refused to believe it. And even if it were true (they thought) the United States could not be affected. No one would attack the unconquerable.

But the "phony war" burst into reality when Japan came down like a wolf on the fold and raged onward through the Far East, and when German submarine raiders were sinking tankers in the Caribbean.

The President knew what was coming. The Army and Navy girded themselves for fight. The general public, being more intelligent than the intelligentsia, got mad and stood ready for sacrifice. But the authors sank into a gloom blacker than the Styx. Could it be that this had happened to US? *O tedium vitae*, *O cypresses*! What a world; all gone to the demdition bow wows!

But the world is about the same as it has always been. The Assyrians, "that bitter and hasty nation," tore things loose in their time. Trajan crucified Jews by thousands. Genghis Khan was no sentimentalist, neither was Frederick of Prussia. Philip of Spain made the Netherlands a wilderness and hanged by wholesale. Napoleon was not squeamish.

Yet every last one of these was overcome. Like the buccaners of the Spanish Main, they came home in chains at last. And the buccaners of today, German or Japanese, will fail just as surely. The spirit of man the world over is aroused, whether in Republic, Monarchy or Soviet. It is not sodden by comfort or decadent from luxury. As ever, the common people will refuse to bow down in the House of Rimmon, or sit in the synagogue of devils. Let the authors cheer up!

Winnipeg, Man. J. J. McALLISTER.

SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY

Established A.D. 1887

BERNARD K. SANDWELL, Editor

P. M. RICHARDS, Assistant and Financial Editor

WILLSON WOODSIDE, Foreign Editor

N. McHARDY, Advertising Manager

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES — Canada and Newfoundland \$3.00 per year, \$5.00 for two years, \$7.00 for three years; all other parts of the British Empire, \$3.00 per year; all other countries \$4.00 per year. Single copies 10c.

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No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. SATURDAY NIGHT does not hold itself responsible for the loss of non-returnable unsolicited contributions.

Printed and Published in Canada

CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED

CORNER OF RICHMOND AND SHEPPARD STREETS, TORONTO 2, CANADA

MONTREAL: New Birk's Bldg.

NEW YORK: Room 512 101 Park Ave.

E. R. Milling, Business Manager

C. T. Croucher, Assistant Business Manager

J. F. Foy, Circulation Manager

Vol. 57, No. 38 Whole No. 2868

THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

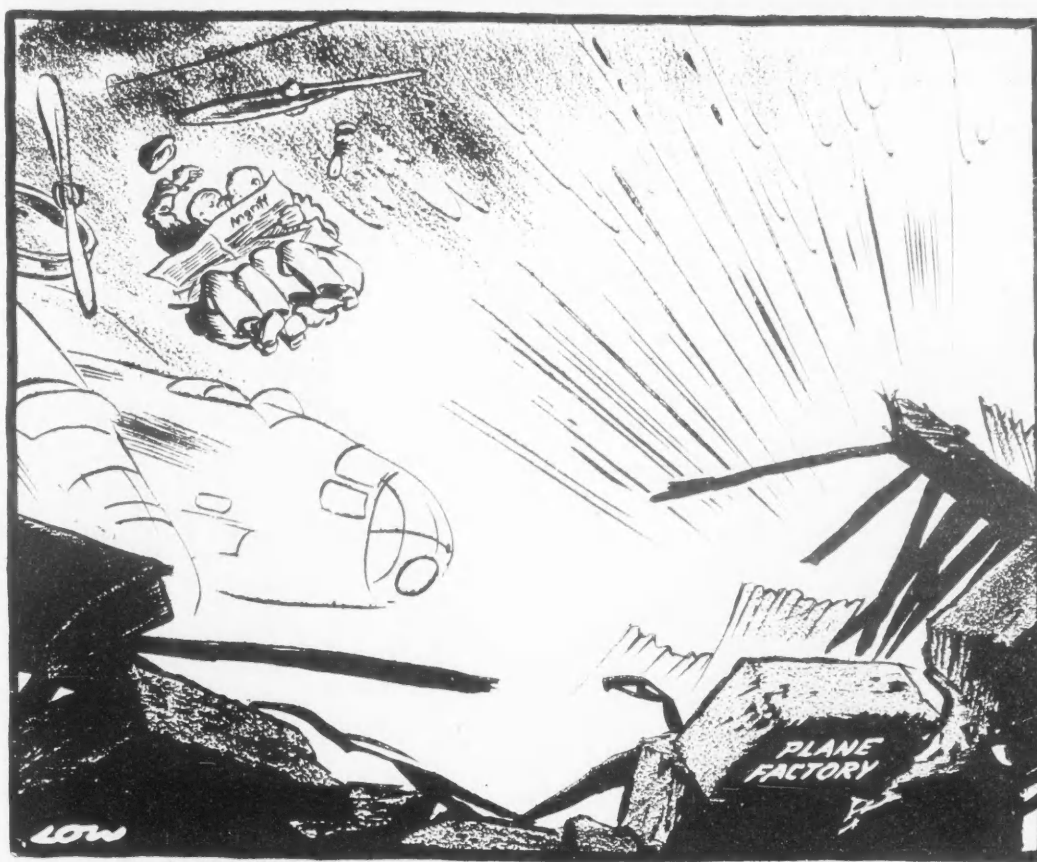
whole incident reveals Mr. Leduc as a man of clear mind and great personal courage. He may at the moment appear to have sacrificed his political career (he is forty-six years of age), but we venture to predict that at no distant date he will be recognized as a much bigger man than those whom he is now opposing.

The appallingly illogical position in which some of these are placing themselves was well revealed by the episode of Mr. Leduc's citation of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's demand for a plebiscite on conscription in 1917. He went beyond the bounds of the historical record when he intimated that Sir Wilfrid had pledged himself to accept the results of such a plebiscite, and was promptly called to order by a group of politicians, calling themselves Liberals and posing in the Laurier mantle.

Those who claim that Sir Wilfrid Laurier would have opposed conscription in the present circumstances have to rest their case on a somewhat subtle distinction. The plebiscite was not a vote upon whether or not Canada should have overseas conscription; it was a vote upon whether or not the Government should be released from a pledge not to apply overseas conscription. Mr. Leduc's opponents argue that all that Sir Wilfrid bound himself to accept was conscription imposed "if the majority of the country believes and declares that conscription is necessary." The majority of the country has not yet so declared; it has only declared that if the Government believes it necessary it should enact it. Presumably the only thing that would satisfy these critics is another popular vote in the form of a referendum.

Quebec Discontent

THE relationship between economic discontent and racial agitation in the province of Quebec is obscure and difficult to assess. An able correspondent, in a letter on the opposite page of this issue, denies the contention of Mr. Jean Louis Gagnon that the discontent is a cause of the agitation, and asserts quite positively that it is the result of it. We find this difficult to believe. There are unfortunately all too visible grounds for economic discontent in Quebec, in the shape of a wage level substantially lower than in Ontario, accompanied by a cost of living which in most industrial centres at least increases the discrepancy. The manufacturing statistics of Canada lump the items of salaries and wages together, but wages are the preponderant item and it is improbable that their relationship as



"I SEE DER BRITISH TALK OF PUTTING ON AN OFFENSIVE"

between Quebec and Ontario is very different from the relationship of the combined items. In 1938 the average annual payment to an industrial employee in Quebec, whether of wage or salary class, was slightly below \$1,000; in Ontario it was \$1,164. In Montreal 103 thousand employees averaged \$1,078; in Toronto 95 thousand employees averaged \$1,220.

There is however a factor in the case which makes this discrepancy less unreasonable than it appears at first sight. The education of the French-Canadian in Quebec is not as well calculated to produce industrial skills as that of Ontario, and it is even less well calculated to produce skills in the commercial and scientific lines which lead to advancement in the salaried classes. For this fact nobody can be held responsible but the French-Canadian himself; but realization of it is not widespread, and the French-Canadian is therefore inclined to blame his low wage rate on "exploitation" by "capital," which he chooses to regard as English-speaking and therefore unsympathetic. Much of his excessive cost of living is also chargeable to the inept or corrupt behavior of his municipal and provincial rulers, and for this too the responsibility must rest largely on himself.

The parallel with the cases of the other depressed classes of Canada, the fishermen and the western agriculturists, fails in this respect,

that while they both regard themselves as victims of exploitation, there is no racial distinction between them and their supposed exploiters. It is the belief of the French-Canadian that his troubles are due to the fact that the wealth of his community is in other hands than his own, and is being used to his detriment, which makes him mix up his economic with his political grievances as the others do not.

A Misplaced Sneer

WE ARE glad to note that the sneer about the comparison between the private soldier who gets \$1.30 a day and the industrial worker who gets \$7 a day, which is extremely common in club conversation and was imbedded in Hansard the other day by Mr. Donnelly of Wood Mountain, has been faithfully dealt with by Mr. Gillis, who is in a particularly good position to do so because he has been both a private soldier and a miner. The sneer, of course, is not one that is ever uttered by private soldiers. It usually comes from men who would be greatly distressed if there were any serious proposal to limit their incomes to \$25,000 a year, and equally distressed at the idea that their sons should serve in the army for any lesser rate of pay than that of a commissioned officer.

At the same time we must express our regret that the task of dealing with this sneer should have been left to the C.C.F. member for Cape Breton. Where the anti-socialist parties expect to find themselves in the post-war elections, if they leave to the C.C.F. a monopoly of the job of standing up for the civilian worker, we have no idea. After all, even those who are now soldiers will mostly be civilian workers when they come back from the war, and if they vote for the people who seem to have defended the class to which they then belong there will be no ground for surprise.

Mr. Gillis pointed out that the pay and allowances for a soldier with a wife and two children amount to \$1,547.50 per annum. "I know of no industrial worker who is working on a datal rate who earns that amount of money," He went on to explain that by "datal rate" he meant the lowest rate paid. It would apply, he suggested, to forty per cent of the men employed in the mining industry. Mr. Gillis made it quite clear that he was not referring to skilled labor, much of which, in these days of continuous employment and heavy overtime, undoubtedly gets somewhat more than \$1,500 a year; but there seems to be no more reason why these special skills should be dragged into the discussion than those of office workers, foremen and specialists, about whom nobody seems to be very resentful. The main point of course is the utterly misleading character of the reference to the \$1.30 a day of the private soldier as if that were a comparable item with the wage of the industrial worker. Mr. Gillis's speech will probably have no effect upon the conversation in the clubs, but it should do something to clear up the mind of the general public.

And no one, high or low, can have the chance
To teach his child the cadences of France.

You, sir, have come to rest in Parliament,
Blowsy with pride and evergreen content.
Here your French periods featly are set down
To cheer supporters in your native town.
Your every sentence now in Hansard lies,
At last you are important, great and wise,
And kindly neighbor-folk of yesteryear
Humbly take off their caps when you appear.

But far away the talking lads are dumb,
They fear to whisper now the foe has come
Unless they seek to buy a passing peace
Betraying neighbors to the Black Police.

You, sir, by grace of God and British way,
May live your life and speak your tongue and pray.
Dear, precious rights, in captive lands unknown,
And threatened here by War's fierce undertone,
From mad malignants treacherous as Hell,
Whose ends you serve, whose counsels please you well!

You, sir, declare your right of choice remains.
You say, "Let others take the bitter pains,
Let others meet the foeman blade to blade."
(The gallant "others" strong and unafraid!)
"We'll till our acres under their protection,
And thus I shall be sure of re-election."

But far away so it is told to me
Traitors hang lifeless on the gallows-tree.

THE PASSING SHOW

BY J. E. M.

It is admitted in an ancient document that the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. The fact brings up the case of Henry Edward Helseth who defied fate by writing a novel. When it was completed and all ready for mailing to a publisher the manuscript was destroyed by fire, whether by accident or by the wrath of Heaven is not known. He rewrote it, from stem to stern. Then while crossing a Minneapolis bridge he had the manuscript snatched out of his hand by a high wind and distributed on the ice of the Mississippi. The ice was rotten, but the author defied death and retrieved most of the sheets. He filled out the gaps, and then named the work, *The Devil's Behind You*. Maybe so!

ERROR IN CHARACTERIZATION

A flighty miss with golden hair
(The eyebrows honest brown;
A comment possibly unfair!)
Within the car sat down.

Her hat was mere insanity,
A cock-eyed thing, I swear
That maids of more sobriety
Would hesitate to wear.

Her costume gladly I excuse
'Twas one to dream about,
But from her alligator shoes
Two little feet peered out.

Within a book her powdered nose
Full earnestly was sunk,
What sort of frivol was that prose?
What sentimental junk?

I stole a look to give my doubting spirit ease,
'Twas Lizzie Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*!

ZOOLOGICAL LYRICS

The Pig

One would think it *infra dig*,
Even for an ill-bred pig
To snooze
In ooze.

The Moa

Though he lived some time before
He's now extinct. There is no moa.

The Plaice

This can be said for the angling race:
Who starts at the bottom knows his plaice.

STUART HEMSLEY

Our amiable contemporary *The Truro Daily News* has gone in for dietetics. It tells of a brooding hen sitting on thirteen eggs. Feed was scarce and the farmer supplemented it with sawdust. The hen seemed to like it and the percentage of sawdust was increased daily until there was no grain in the feed. When the chicks came out twelve of them had wooden legs, and the thirteenth was a wood-pecker.

A BLESSING

The peas inside the pod
(They call them marrowfat)
Grow with such fierce intensity
To splendor and immensity
That most of them are flat.

How kind is Nature's law!
How wonderful is life!
A lovely thing to brood upon!
Such monster peas lie static on
The legislator's knife.

After coming safely through five shipwrecks, caused by torpedoes in this war and mines in the last, a sailor stumbled on a Halifax street and broke his ankle. Probably from surprise. He may have met a homely girl.

They do say that the complexions of the Halifax girls beat all creation. It's the fog does it.

"The truth is, of course," Special phrase used by speakers to club audiences into submission.

Hitler's favorite poem "Oh to be in England now that April's here."

Open Letter to a French-Canadian Politician

BY J. E. MIDDLETON

YOU, sir, have worshipped at St. Irène
Since ever you have learned to kneel and pray.

And when a lad, full promising and bright,
It's likely that you were an acolyte
Serving the Mass in surplice trimmed with lace.

Doing your task with certainty and grace
Throughout the stately ceremonial.

And then, in time, you came to Montreal
Marked by your Curé for a priestly school.
But not for you the stern, ascetic rule.
A livelier course of life, perchance, you saw,
Walking the tangled pathways of the Law

And far away, since Christians could not yield,
The broad Church doors are all slammed shut and sealed;

Quenched are the candles and the votive lamp;
The Curé rotting in a prison camp.

You, sir, have argued in your native French
Through all the Courts, Recorder's to King's Bench.

Nor Judge nor English counsellors complained,
It was your right, since George of Windsor reigned.

And you were free to travel as you would,
And test your oratory, bad or good,
In any parish of the widespread land
Serving the Party well, I understand.

But far away the street names have been changed
From French to German. Life is all deranged;

"A Dam of Truth Against Lies and Rumors" . . .



Mrs. Sahni is from Rawalpindi, broadcasts in Hindi-stani. She studied under Tagore, the famous Indian poet.



Maung Myat-Tun broadcasts a weekly Burma newsletter in his native language. Newsletters go to Far East.



Mohamed Ben Mohamed was born in Fez, joined French Army at 15, escaped Dunkirk, is now with Free French.



BBC producer of Latin-American features, right, remains anonymous. At mike is Jose Raysims.



Organizing the world in miniature is a huge task. This typewriter has Arabic characters.



Abdullah Feyyaz Ferger, right, is chief Turkish announcer. Left: translator Attaoullah.



Known on the air as Patricia Campo, she comes from Brazil, broadcasts daily in Portuguese.

BY ROBERTSON DAVIES

"TODAY Europe hears us; tomorrow the whole world!" So the Nazis sing in their marching song, written by Horst Wessel, the poetically inclined Storm Trooper who was so beloved by Germans that his comrades had no difficulty in finding, and executing, three separate persons who had excellent motives for murdering him. It may be so, though we doubt it. But if Germany should achieve her ambition—if the whole world should hear her voice—she will have the honor of following in the wake of Britain, for today the British Broadcasting Corporation is heard, and heeded, in every corner of the globe.

Every day the short-wave transmitters of the BBC send 78 news bulletins—a matter of 300,000 words—to overseas listeners in the Empire, in the Americas, in the Orient, in occupied Europe and bitterest pill of all for Dr. Goebbels—in Germany itself. For 150 hours a week the airwaves hum with news from Britain, broadcast in 40 languages and dialects. And that is news alone. There are many other programs of propaganda. But it is the news which the peoples of occupied lands will risk heavy punishment to hear, and it comes to them from the BBC at times when it is known that they can listen with a minimum of risk.

THEY hear the news, and they know it to be the truth. Truth? "What is truth," said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. Can the broadcasting machine of a belligerent nation be relied upon to tell the truth? The peoples of the world have found that, though the BBC may not tell them everything (and what broadcaster, in time of war, could tell everything) it never tells them lies. They cannot say as much for the German-controlled radio. They risk everything to listen. Forty-five minutes after Tobruk fell to the Allies the news was known in Poland, where the possession of a receiving-set is punishable by death. How was the news conveyed? Who sent it? Guess.

Who broadcasts the news? Whose are those voices, speaking in Dutch, Polish, Czech, Norwegian, Danish,

Croat, Turkish, Greek, Magyar, Spanish, Rumanian, Bulgarian, Finnish, Slovene, Albanian, Swedish, Hindustani, Maltese, Burmese, Cypriot, Afrikaans, and, of course, in French and German? They are people whom you would not ordinarily meet in the course of your day's work.

One, for instance, used to be a bull-fighter; one is a Chinese playwright, and author of *Lady Precious Stream*; one is a former actor at the Egyptian National Theatre; one was formerly a leading actress at the Comédie Française; one is a sheik; and the BBC is a little proud of the fact that its foreign staff includes a professor from every university in Europe, fighting for the intellectual freedom which the Nazis fear and which they have striven to banish from its most ancient strongholds.

IN THE pictures on these two pages, you will see the faces of some of those who speak to the world from the heart of the British Empire. Mohamed Ben Mohamed was a part of that French Army which escaped the Germans at Dunkirk; now he is an officer in the Free French Forces. Maung Myat-Tun broadcasts the weekly newsletter to Burma. Mrs. Sahni studied under Tagore at the university which he founded; she broadcasts in Hindi-stani. Sheik Gomma speaks to his own countrymen in Arabic. S. Emery, a graduate of the London School of Economics, gives British news to Turkey, that hotbed of rumor and supposition. Mujtaba Minovi was a lecturer in Persian at Oxford before the war. To Latin America goes the voice of Jose Raysims from Montevideo in Uruguay. The lively young lady who uses the name of Patricia Campo comes from Rio, and she broadcasts to Brazil every evening in Portuguese. The caution which she exercises about her name suggests some of the mystery which surrounds these announcers. Those who are shown here have no special reason to conceal their identity, but those who have relatives in occupied countries are careful to remain anonymous.

The BBC knows the history of its foreign announcers in detail, and is absolutely sure of their loyalty to

... Why Britain is Winning the War of Air Waves



Sheikh Gomha has been lent by the Egyptian government to broadcast in Arabic, help keep vital Egypt pro-Ally.



S. I. Hsiung, Peking author of "Lady Precious Stream", broadcasts a 15-minute news summary to his country.



The man who, with his broadcasts from London, pushed the Shah off his throne, Muftaba Minovi, is Persian.

the cause they serve. Nevertheless, the customary precautions are exercised: the news bulletins pass through many hands before they are read over the air, and a British official who is thoroughly acquainted with the language being spoken is in the studio during every foreign broadcast. The announcers themselves understand the need for these regulations.

The BBC, contrary to popular belief, is not a government branch, but operates under a license from the Postmaster-General; it has no exclusive governmental sources of information and it is not a government mouthpiece. It is necessary, therefore, that it should take every precaution, as it would fare ill in a dispute with the Ministry of Information about the accuracy of its news or the nature of its newscasts. The liaison with the Ministry is a close one, and BBC representatives attend all the Minister of Information's meetings on policy.

BBC has a wider and more enthusiastic following than any other broadcasting system in operation today. In Germany, in 1940, no less than 1,500 people were either executed or sent to concentration camps for listening to the foreign broadcasts. The BBC has various ways of 'baiting' programs for German listeners; after the sinking of the *Bismarck*, for example, it announced the names of survivors—fifteen each day. The Nazis have given the worst name they can invent to this practice of listening to British broadcasts; they call it "Churchillism".

Fan-mail arrives at the BBC headquarters in vast quantities, if so frivolous a name may be given to letters which men and women have risked their lives to send. And from unlikely quarters of the earth there arrive eulogistic appreciations of the foreign broadcasts. Here, for instance, is one from an Arab in West Africa; no risk was involved in sending this note, so he was able to give full scope to an Eastern taste for rhetoric:

"Respectful greetings from one who admires and appreciates your humanitarian efforts on behalf of the Arab-speaking peoples. Behold! Your

weekly program (schedule) reaches me regularly—except when it is delayed by that insubordinate house-painter, that insatiable and low-born tyrant, that manslayer, Hitler. May Allah destroy him and his adherents and grant humanity rest from his evil craft—a task easy unto Allah! Behold us here, constant auditors of your broadcasts, which are the greatest, the best arranged, the most richly expressed, and the most intelligible in language of all Arabic emissions!"

Could more enthusiastic appreciation be asked?

BERNARD SHAW, during the last war, pointed out the stupidity of assuming that all the brains and all the imagination were on the other side. For years before this war we were inclined to survey the propaganda machine of Joseph Goebbels with fascinated horror. How, we asked ourselves, could any other nation hope to rival that miracle of cold-hearted mendacity and virulent descent ballyhoo?

The answer is simple. No nation can beat Goebbels at his own game, but there are other games, and better ones. The German propaganda machine is a brilliant creation, but it is founded upon the assumption that men and women, in the mass, are far more stupid than is actually the case; Dr. Goebbels is astoundingly clever but he is not, in the last analysis, highly intelligent. The BBC has founded its reputation upon truth; admittedly, it is truth as it appears to the British, but that only means that the BBC newscasts have a British slant; discount the slant and examine the facts, and you will find that they are correct. Dr. Goebbels thinks that common people cannot distinguish between facts reported with a German slant, and the products of his own teeming fancy. Time has proved him wrong. The BBC, at the outbreak of war, found itself without a war policy, but it soon found one and declared it: "To erect a dam of truth against the never-ceasing torrent of lies and rumors." It has adhered to that policy, and that is why the Corporation is at present winning the war of words.



A 22-year-old Turk who is a graduate of the London School of Economics is S. Emre, above.



Jacques de Baillets, right, is the regular French-Canadian announcer. The van is CBC's.



Ivone Kirkpatrick, left, Controller of European Services, consults with 3 of his staff.



A corner of the BBC's European news room. Noel Newsome, standing, is Europe news chief.

The Plebiscite and National Unity

BY THE HON. S. GOBEIL

THE plebiscite has divided more than ever the English and French elements in Canada.

How can we succeed in re-establishing harmony between the two great races of our country? Let us frankly try to find the principal cause of that division.

In 1917 the Liberal party considered it a clever move to oppose conscription for overseas service, so as to make it an electoral issue that would assure them the support of the province of Quebec. They succeeded, and from that day on Liberal propaganda was directed to that end. Let us consider how that situation came about.

In 1914 the declaration of war promulgated by his Majesty the King was ratified by the Canadian Par-

The Hon. Samuel Gobeil of La Patrie, Que., Minister without portfolio in the Bennett Government, contributed to this paper about a year ago a most interesting article on the loss to national unity resulting from the disappearance of the Conservative party in the province of Quebec.

In this article he carries the thesis somewhat further, maintaining that the Liberal party by its continued campaign in Quebec against conscription is responsible for the present deplorable cleavage between that province and the rest of Canada.

liament. All party leaders approved of Canada's participation to the extreme limit, and the duty of everyone to participate fully under the command of the King was acknowledged.

If at that moment compulsory service for overseas under the Militia Act, passed by the Laurier government in 1904, had been decreed, the duty of every citizen to abide by His Majesty's command would have been accepted, and at the same time national unity might have been greatly advanced, because a large majority of our people would have rallied to the symbol of the Crown. Voluntary enlistment meant that everybody was at liberty to accept or reject its obligations, and to fight became a question of sentiment, not of absolute duty. When voluntary enlistment became insufficient to keep our fighting forces at full strength, the government decided to impose conscription. Some Liberals joined in the newly formed Union Government, while others followed Sir Wilfrid Laurier and condemned conscription.

That opened the door to our present profound division. A political party, with the sole object of gaining political advantages, claimed the right for the people of denying the Government's authority; conscription became the major issue of the Liberal party in Quebec, a question constantly kept before the eyes of the people to destroy the Conservative party. In annihilating the Conservative party in Quebec, the Liberals at the same time were sapping at its base the authority of governments for the future.

Twenty years have passed, during which the breach has widened between those who believed in the benefits derived from a constitutional monarchy system of government and those who repudiate all authority but that of Parliament. By unrestrained propaganda the Liberal party sowed division all over Canada. Having launched a campaign against conscription, they did not stop half-way; they even went so far as to affirm that under a Liberal government Canada would not participate in a war to help England.

Declaration of War

In September, 1939, war was declared by His Majesty. Mr. King called the two Houses of Parliament into a special session, but instead of simply ratifying the Royal Proclamation, Canada made its own declaration of war against Germany. The Government had received no mandate from the people for such an innovation; on the contrary some of its Ministers, especially from one province, had pledged themselves not to do so.

According to our written Constitution, Canadians live under a constitutional monarchy. The King, or his official representative the Governor General, has the supreme command of our armies, and can dispose of them as he sees fit, under the terms of our Militia Act. Parliament renders his action possible by voting the necessary sums of money under the guidance of the Executive, in this instance the Prime Minister and his Ministers. The conduct of the war is left in the hands of the Commander-in-chief of our armies, under the King's authority.

We declared war of our own free will, members of the Government and of the House of Commons said, both inside and outside the House. The Prime Minister himself declared in the United States that Canada was just as free not to enter the war as was that country. The absurdity of such declarations was made evident when the Minister of Justice, the Hon. Ernest Lapointe, set out to prove in a speech in September, 1939, that

"when England is at war, Canada is at war."

In making these contradictory declarations, those who govern started this country on the path that has led to the most fatal disunion. The Liberal members were caught between their past declarations and their present attitude. To come to their electors and preach their love for England, after twenty years of appeals to hatred, was too dangerous a play; they preferred to remain behind the microphone.

It is untrue to say that only the French-Canadians were at that time opposed to conscription; Liberal propaganda had made converts all over Canada. Secondly, it was not only untrue but deceiving to assert that our war effort would be moderate and voluntary. When a country declares war it must be prepared to return with interest the blows delivered by the enemy, or to declare itself defeated.

Then conscription for the defence of Canada only was passed. In 1940 Government Ministers in Quebec promised that not one man would be forced to enlist against his will; in other parts of Canada Ministers declared that "the limit of our participation would be the limit of our resources." Both promises were violated, and a third breach of promises would not have changed the Government's reputation.

For and Against

Those who favored relieving the Government of its promises have reasoned as follows: You wish to have total liberty of action in the future; therefore it is an acknowledgement that up to this time you have not done your duty in our war effort, and your government is now determined to take all possible means to win the war. We shall answer Yes because we do not want to be accused of hampering your actions. We sincerely believe that our country must accept the necessary sacrifices to be victorious, but take notice that after giving our assent we shall expect you to fight the enemy wherever it becomes necessary.

Those who refused to relieve the Government of its promises no doubt thought this way: You wish to escape your most sacred and repeated promises, and it is therefore evident that you intend to impose conscription for overseas. We accepted participation because your Ministers again and again promised that our effort would be moderate and voluntary, and we believed you. You are giving us the occasion to tell you that we want you to keep your promises, and we shall not miss it; our answer will be a categorical No. Do not try to change our opinion, for you cannot undo or destroy in a few weeks your labors of the last twenty years.

Under the pretext of respecting democratic principles, the King Government left us only the liberty of



King Peter of Yugoslavia at the controls of a big Sunderland bomber, at a flying boat station near Plymouth.

dividing ourselves profoundly.

The Conservatives of Quebec have not seen fit to openly support the affirmative. Why? First, there is not even a nucleus of Conservative organization in Quebec, and no one man, or a few men left alone, could undertake that task. Second, perhaps not altogether realizing the tragedy of the world situation, too many Conservatives were quite pleased to see Mr. King and his followers swallow a dose of the same medicine he fed them with for twenty years. The answer given by Quebec is the consequence of Liberal propaganda since 1917.

Canadians who desire to see harmony, real friendship and co-operation re-established between the two principal races in Canada must demand that the Conservative party solidly reorganize itself and undertake to destroy the effects of Liberal propaganda. The tradition of the Conservative party has always been to maintain the bonds that tie our country to the British Crown. As long as the French-Canadians of Quebec had amongst their leaders who maintained, and convinced them, that their attachment to the Crown secured them in return great spiritual and material advantages, the Conservative party succeeded in maintaining a sentiment of national unity. Circumstances have been such that these leaders had no successors. We shall not waste time finding the cause of such an unfortunate situation; let us rather find the ways and means of renewing the tradition, of rebuilding the Conservative party in Quebec. The right program will bring to it all those who have at heart the welfare of Canada as part of the British Empire. It will be a political doctrine that will appeal to all thinking people, and the national unity which resulted such a blow by the plebiscite will in turn receive that reinforcement which everyone realizes is an absolute necessity for the permanent health of the nation.

We took a long term lease
the moment we saw those
Copper Eavestroughs!



WE WANTED comfort in the home we rented... and freedom from inconvenience. That's why those copper eavestroughs impressed us. We knew that a rain disposal system of rustless copper meant that we would never be troubled by roof leaks caused by rusted eavestroughs or flashings. And we reasoned that any builder with the foresight to use copper for the eavestroughs, had built the whole house the same way... to give enduring satisfaction.

If the house you are considering is "pre-war" built look for flashings, eavestroughs and downspouts of durable copper. Look for a rustproof plumbing system of copper or brass pipe... and a non-rust Everdur hot water tank. Then you'll be sure of an unrestricted flow of clean, sparkling water from every faucet. See that the screens are of durable bronze wire to enjoy permanent protection from insect pests, too.

A recently-built house may not offer all these features, since today huge tonnages of copper and its alloys are needed for defense production. But naturally, in a new house you can expect a reasonable trouble-free period, even though less durable metals than copper or its alloys have been used.

But in the future remember, the house built with copper brass and bronze will always cost less to live in—will always contribute more to the convenience and comfort of yourself and your family. Yes, these durable rustless metals will always symbolize the well built home.



Anaconda Copper



Rumors of an impending British drive in Libya have the Germans and Italians worried. Nazi reconnaissance planes are active, but have suffered heavily at the hands of the RAF. New reinforcements and supplies have arrived for British strong points on the Libyan border. The ships have also brought mail from home, with a large consignment for Tobruk (above).

Victory Lies in the Wake of Wallowing Tankers

BY M. R. KIRKLAND

HISTORY has an uncanny habit of repeating itself. Once again, as in 1917, the smoke of burning tankers looms ominously upon the horizon of war. In this war as in the last, the intensive Axis submarine activity along the Atlantic seaboard and in the Caribbean, is attempting to cripple the striking power of the United Nations by cutting off vital oil supplies.

But ganging up on oil tankers is just one phase of the Nazi plan to starve the Allies of oil. The trend of the war this Spring appears to be shaping toward a thrust by the Axis powers to reach the Russian Caucasus or the Middle East. German success there would mean the loss of strategic oil fields, the sole remaining Allied source of supply anywhere near the battle zones in the Eastern Mediterranean, Libya and India. If that "squeeze" between German forces operating on the Southern Russian front and a Japanese thrust via India and the Indian Ocean is successful, Allied operations everywhere in the world would be wholly dependent upon oil from America carried by tanker, thousands of miles across the Atlantic and the Pacific.

This possibility, which we dare not ignore, focuses attention upon the present drastic shortage of tankers, which has already created an Oil Crisis for the United Nations. It's not only that more tankers are being lost. More and more tankers are needed to supply the oil for a two-ocean war which every day calls for the diversion of an increasing number of tankers to overseas service. The result has been a drastic reduction in oil deliveries to Canada and the Eastern United States. The oil shortage which brought gas rationing to Canada is purely and simply a transportation problem—a tanker crisis, if you will.

Canadians should be using less gasoline than their ration books allow them in order to maintain sufficient oil reserves to keep war industries operating at full capacity. Before rationing came in, total sales in Ontario in the first three months of this year jumped to 82,249,397 gallons, last year consumption for the period was 74,722,175 gallons. The increase in the number of private car licenses this year might account in a measure for increased sales. But everything points to the fact that "the public is tenaciously sticking to use of their cars," Hon. T. B. McQuesten states.

Tanker Losses

"The time is past that we should mince words," Hon. C. D. Howe states bluntly. "The war situation is grave. Tanker losses have proved a severe blow to our war program. The inventory situation is serious enough to justify drastic steps." And even more recently in announcing the switch from oil in 600 heating plants east of the Rocky Mountains, he said: "The oil shortage is becoming increasingly grave. The needs of the navy and of essential war industries must be met before any fuel oil can be released for civilian use."

A tanker carries enough oil to refuel eight battleships! The Canadian navy and convoy system are spectacular "oil eaters." 800,000 bbls. of diesel oil are required each year by war industry in the Dominion, 110,000,000 gallons of high octane gasoline, one tenth of Canada's normal yearly consumption of gas, is needed for air training and defence in the Dominion this year. Oil Controller Cottrell estimates. Increasing quantities of oil will be needed for lubricating machines in war plants. Many munition processes require the continual immersion of their products in oil. Crude oil is the vital raw material used in the manufacture of synthetic rubber.

How is it that Canadians have so largely failed to realize the urgency of the oil situation? Chiefly because as a people, both Canadians and Americans have grown accustomed to thinking in terms of well-nigh inexhaustible supplies of oil on this continent.

Actually there is no production shortage of gasoline. North and South America produce 77 per cent of all the world's oil. But this vast supply means nothing unless it is available where and when it is needed to fuel planes, tanks, battleships and essential transportation services.

The trouble is the sinking of tankers by enemy submarines and the United Nations' wide-flung fuel requirements. Because Java was lost, oil for the Battle of Australia must now be carried from the Middle East through the Indian Ocean — or still farther — from California across the Pacific.

"The only road to Victory lies in the wake of black ungainly tankers wallowing through heavy seas to all the battlefronts of this war."

And actually there is no production shortage. In Texas, California and Illinois, gasoline storage tanks are virtually running over. The United States output of 1,351,849,000 barrels in 1940 represented 63 per cent of the world's total production — while these two western continents together produce 77 per cent of all the world's oil. To a degree, it is understandable why talk of an oil shortage largely fails to register.

Availability

What must be hammered home to Canadians is that all this vast supply of oil in itself means nothing — unless it is available where and when it is needed to fuel planes, tanks and battleships. Oil for the war's many and far-flung battlefronts has first claim on all available tanker tonnage oil for the needs of war industry comes next. "We have been conserving gasoline because if we give it to the pleasure driver, we go short in the war effort," Mr. Howe stated bluntly last November when the distinct possibility of the present oil emergency was foreseen. Reporting at that time before the Dominion House of Commons on Canada's oil situation, Mr. Howe revealed that the Dominion lacked 3.5 tankers of the required 16.8 tankers (capacity 100,000 bbls. each), if Canada's yearly imports of 54,500,000 barrels were to be met. More than half that amount comes to Canada by ocean tanker.

Since that time tanker losses have cut oil deliveries to the United States east coast by nearly fifty per cent with a relative reduction in Canada's oil deliveries. Present indications are that the shortage is becoming more acute.

What about the Sarnia and the Portland-Montreal pipelines — the average Canadian asks — why not bring the oil Canada needs by pipeline? Actually the Sarnia pipeline which feeds Canadian refineries direct from United States crude-producing areas, chiefly the Illinois field, can account for only 22 per cent of the Dominion's necessary imports. Its year-round capacity doesn't even take care of the entire needs of the Sarnia plant — an additional 9,800,000 barrels must be brought in by lake tankers. As for the Portland-Montreal pipeline it was never counted upon as a source of additional oil. It was built to solve in part an already existing tanker shortage. With its operation, tanker voyages to Montreal are reduced by 2,000 miles, thus saving 10 to 12 days of tanker time and freeing tankers urgently needed by Britain. Since it is serviced by tankers with oil from Texas and Venezuela, its supply is directly affected by the increasing depredations of Nazi submarines.

Depend on Tankers

Well, why not build more pipelines since the Axis have declared all-out war on tankers? Chiefly because steel needs for war equipment, ships, tanks and guns, have been given first priority. Recently the War Production Board in the U.S. turned down for the third time, Petroleum Co-ordinator Harold L. Ickes' request for an allotment of steel to build a proposed 24-inch line from East Texas to Illinois and the New York-Philadelphia refining areas. Steel required for such a pipeline — 750,000 tons, it is estimated,

would supply hulls of 3,500 tons each — for 210 tankers.

And you can't divert a pipeline, as you can tankers, to overseas service. The last war demonstrated beyond a shadow of doubt that Oil in war means more than guns, more than fighting man-power. The mechanized warfare of the present vast struggle, with its campaigns on

many distant fronts has emphasized the need for immediate supplies of this "life-blood of war." There's no use consoling ourselves with the thought, that despite the loss of the oil of the East Indies and Burma, the United Nations (including Russia) still control 97 per cent of the world's oil. It was the loss of a convenient supply of oil for Australia that made the Japanese conquest of the Dutch Indies a well-nigh mortal blow. Oil for the Battle of Australia must now be carried from the Middle East through the Indian Ocean by slow-moving tankers, exposed to attack from Jap submarines and surface raiders — or follow the still longer route, 6,000 miles across the Pacific from California, a full month's journey for tankers travelling only eight or nine miles an hour. Loss of the comparatively small supply of oil in Iran and Iraq would be equally disastrous, since that oil is strategically located for the defence of Egypt and India. And the only road to Victory lies in the wake of black ungainly tankers wallowing through heavy seas to all the battlefronts of this War!

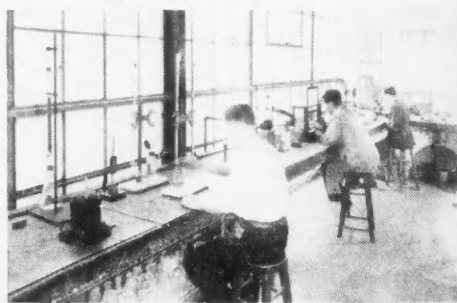
This then is the reason that the Battle of the Oil Front has reached the highways of our land. Gasoline rationing, however, is admittedly only a timid beginning for solving a problem becoming increasingly acute. "It is absolutely impossible for the present overland facilities to supply the total demand," the American Petroleum Institute stated recently. "Introducing rationing for the entire Western Hemisphere would not quite make up the deficiency."

Dropping the coupon units from five to three gallons would bring Canada's rationing more in line with regulations in the United States eastern seaboard. There, the taking-up and relaying of 1,300 miles of secondhand pipe is expected to supply part of the deficit, but this is not likely to affect the supply available to the Dominion. Canadians might just as well accustom themselves to the idea that Spring Drives this year must take precedence over spring driving. For the duration, Canadians will stop "going places" and confine their "doing things" to the war effort!

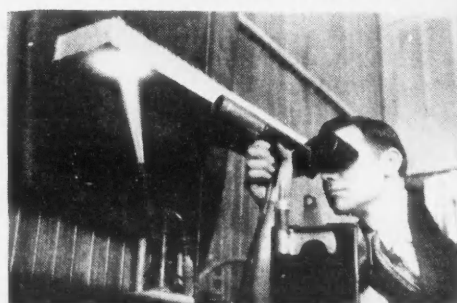
Johns-Manville RESEARCH

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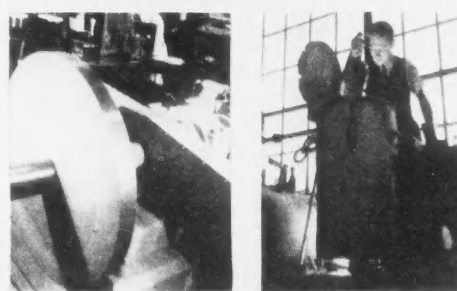
Modern Science to
Work on Marco Polo's
Magic Mineral



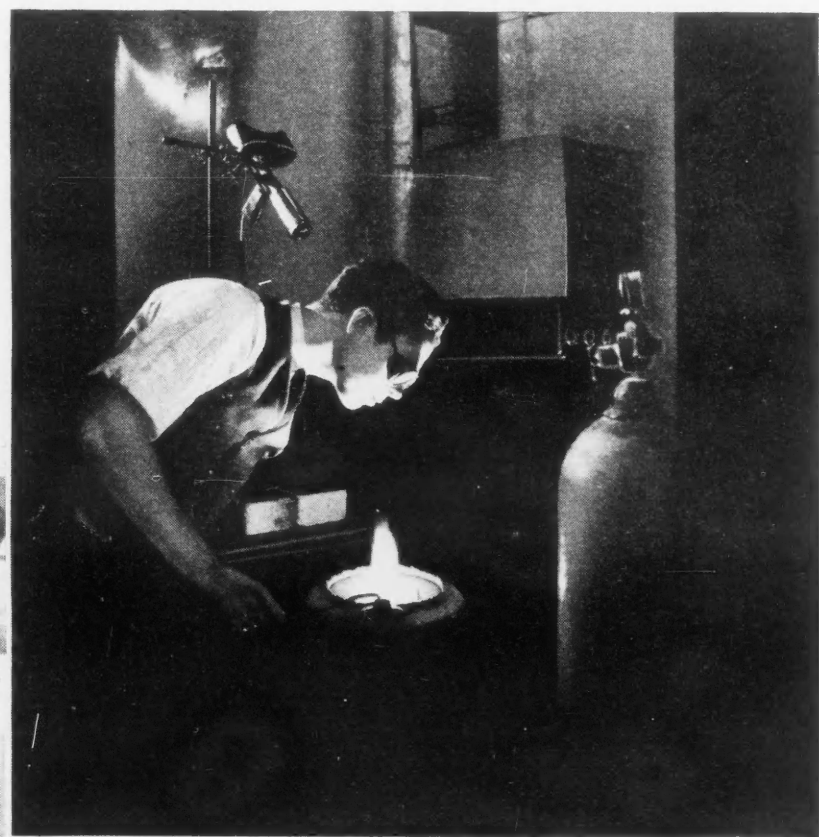
A view of one corner of the Inspection and Control Laboratory at the J-M factory at Asbestos, Que. Here, a constant check is kept on product quality.



The magic fire-resisting qualities of many asbestos products are studied intensively in the Laboratory.

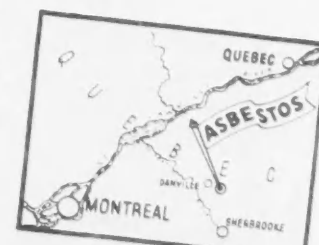


(Left) Testing J-M Asbestos Brake Linings. (Right) J-M Roofing gets a "third degree".



J-M's policy of progress through research is directed by noted scientists; represents an investment of hundreds of thousands of dollars annually.

● When Marco Polo first saw asbestos in Tartary centuries ago, he called it "the magic mineral". And today, looking at the hundreds of products developed as the result of Johns-Manville asbestos research, you'd agree with the famed Venetian traveller. J-M's Research Laboratories are the largest of their kind anywhere, which is only natural when you remember that J-M operates the largest asbestos mine in the world, at Asbestos, Que. More than 50% of Johns-Manville's output last year were products which have been developed by J-M Research since 1928.



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CALCULATIONS as to how far defeat in the war would put us back differ widely. Within the last two days we have seen one estimate of a hundred years, another of a thousand. But in one respect they are all alike. They are concerned with our material rather than our spiritual condition. We are warned of what failure to defeat the Axis would mean in loss of progress which has contributed to our material well being, our pleasant and comfortable way of life. And, confining our attention to this material aspect of the matter, we are inclined to concur in the calculation that Hitler's overlordship would impose at least a thousand years of retrogression upon us. We favor the higher figure because of our own experience. We have just stepped back into the benighted past a full quarter of a century and this with Hitler about as far as ever from winning with democratic Mr. Mackenzie King still the indulgent master of our fate. We can well believe that it would be our lot to become a cave-dweller, clothed, if at all, in a deer-skin loin-cloth and subsisting on raw roots, should the swastika ever fly from our "peace" tower.

Twenty-five years or so ago we dismounted from a bicycle for what we supposed was the last time. A year ago we were cussing youngsters on

bicycles who got in our way on the highway. Today we went out and bought a bicycle with which to get about our business and our pleasures. And we felt lucky to be able to find a second-hand one at an outrageous price, because a lot of our fellow-motorists of yesterday are doing the same. When Hitler can wipe out a quarter of a century of our progress towards the perfect life while still tangled with Stalin in the far away Crimea, what wouldn't he do should his jackboot soil our shores!

The Matter of Quality

Our own personal experience in this connection is only mildly symbolic of what all of us are going to have to put up with in merely getting ahead with the business of beating Hitler. We are all going back for the duration at least—much more than a quarter of a century. We were at least able to find a bicycle bearing

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

a trade-name which assured us that at one stage of its career it was a vehicle of quality. We know who made it, know that it was made to sell on merit in competition with lesser bicycles. But Hitler, and our own Donald Gordon in his determination to see us armed for the unhorsing of Hitler, are going to take away this measure of our material civilization too. In fact they are already doing it. Commodities for civilian use are being turned out under trade-names which normally signified certain standards of quality and degrees of scientific or mechanical advancement, but which now signify nothing more than that, because of merit formerly attaching to the trade-names, the owners of these names claimed for their products a certain proportion of the market for the goods. Articles of exactly the same design and qual-

ity are being made in a single factory to bear a variety of established trade-names, the number labelled with each such name corresponding to the share of the market formerly enjoyed by the owner of the name. This is part of the Gordon Board's program for standardization and mass-production of consumer goods to lower costs and keep them under the price ceiling and to release materials, machines and manpower for war production.

Now we learn that the Simplified Practices Division of the Gordon Board is figuring on going forward—or backward—another step. Whether forward or backward, it seems to our layman's judgment to be a step in the right direction in the circumstances. It is thinking of blacking out trade names on standardized and restricted commodities for the duration. One of the concerns of the Division of Simplified Practices is to protect and preserve proprietary rights in and values of trade names against injury through its standardization and mass-production measures. It is coming to the conclusion that this is not being accomplished by the continued use of trade names on standardized articles with the manufacture of which the owners of the names have no connection. Its reasoning—or that of some officials—is that the value of the names would be better safeguarded by their suspension until such time as their owners can resume the manufacture of the products to which they attach and restore their competitive significance. If this should be done, standardized commodities produced by one or two units of an industry while other units shifted to war production would be marketed under a common wartime brand.

Cutting Sales Waste

This simplified practice division has already done a lot towards getting the country onto a total war footing through undoing for the time being advancements made over the last few decades. Its objectives are, preservation of the price ceiling, release of productive capacity (materials, machines, manpower) from civilian to war effort, protection of industry and business from conditions and circumstances which would impair its ability to readjust to a peacetime basis after the war. While mapping its over-all program it has taken time out to standardize a variety of consumer commodities from farm machinery and boilers through clothing and down to seditious powders and to impose economies in deliveries. It is going much further. Concentration of production, obliteration of unnecessary duplication in sales effort, elimination of wastage in cross-hauling of commodities from production points to distant markets by division of sales territories—these are currently receiving its major attention.

But it is on the other side of the fence in respect of one business "economy." It is frankly and definitely opposed to misguided "savings" by business in advertising expenditures. And for the very sound reason that it recognizes the importance of a free and independent press in democracy's total war effort; recognizes that the press can only remain free and independent if it maintains itself on commercial revenues. Its attitude in this matter is doubly significant since its entire program is aimed at assisting business to accommodate itself to wartime conditions. It considers that it is in the best interests of business itself to refrain from a course that might impair the independence of the press.

The plan announced last week for overcoming the beef scarcity means protection for cattle-raisers in their enjoyment of inflated U.S. prices for their cattle up to the limit of the U.S. quarterly import quota, ceiling adjustments for packers and the trade, higher prices for consumers, and something short of victory for Donald Gordon in his tussle with Agriculture Minister Gardiner over

the matter. Food Corporation Limited is being set up under Food Division Chief Hon. J. G. Taggart as a subsidiary of Hector McKinnon's Prices Stabilization Corporation to buy cattle out of export channels for the domestic market. To facilitate this buying exporters will be licensed. Prices to be paid will assure cattle-raisers of substantially the same return as would come from export of the cattle. The Food Corporation will sell the cattle to the packers. If meeting American prices does not boost the cost of the cattle to an extent necessitating a subsidy in order to keep retail prices from getting out of hand, the packers will have their ceilings adjusted to take care of the higher cost—although doubtless Gordon will make an effort to have them absorb some of it. Packers whose base period prices were low in comparison with the rest of the industry will be relieved from that part of their squeeze through a levelling-off of ceiling prices. The adjustments will be carried through the trade, but with mark-ups restricted.

Taggart's Foods Division, incidentally, is to be reorganized and centralized at Ottawa so that it will have full authority over price control of foods from producer to consumer instead of sharing it with the general wholesale and retail sections of the price ceiling administration.

Munitions Pool

A couple of weeks ago we suggested that if Ottawa should decide to enter the munitions pool for the United Nations and become a member with Britain and the U.S. of the Joint Munitions Assignments Board which will distribute war equipment out of the pool, it would be on terms which satisfied our smart ivory tower boys who are running our war on the home front that Canada's ability for waging total war would not be impaired or the country's interests in general prejudiced. Well, Ottawa is going into the pool, and the terms are as indicated. Canada is to be paid for the munitions she pools apart from the billion dollars' worth which she volunteered as a free gift to Great Britain but which, incidentally, now becomes a gift to the United Nations instead, by reason of the pooling. Basis of the arrangement is that the terms on which war equipment is ordered accompanies the equipment into the pool. Britain and the U.S. will be responsible to Canada for munitions ordered here should these munitions be assigned out of the pool to China, India or Russia.

Ottawa's bright young men saw to it that exchange parity was not part of the arrangement. They have other ideas as to what to do about that exchange differential—one of which may be indicated by what the McKinnon Corporation is doing with it just now. It is buying up certain Canadian commodities at ceiling prices, exporting the surplus to the U.S. and salting away the profit, including the exchange premium.



Responsible for keeping the industrial front humming so Russian forces may have everything needed in their offensive is Britain's new Minister of Production, Oliver Lyttleton. Replacement for Lord Beaverbrook, he was former British Government representative in the Middle East.

REGISTRATION OF UNEMPLOYED MEN

WHO MUST REGISTER

Every man between the ages of 16 and 69 who is unemployed or not gainfully occupied after May 31, 1942, must register. The following are excepted: Full-time students, or persons confined in an asylum, or a prison, or hospital or home for the aged and infirm, or are subject to the provisions of the Essential Work (Scientific and Technical Personnel) Regulations, 1942.

WHEN TO REGISTER

If you have not already registered at an Employment and Claims Office of the Unemployment Insurance Commission within the last two weeks, or have not obtained work, you are required to register within the week of June 1st, 1942, or within one week after becoming unemployed or not gainfully occupied at any time after May 31st, 1942.

*** Note:** In Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, Toronto, Vancouver, Windsor and Winnipeg, you are required to register on the date shown opposite the first letter of your surname:

A to C—Monday, June 1. D to H—Tuesday, June 2.
I to M—Wednesday, June 3. N to S—Thursday, June 4.
T to Z—Friday, June 5.

WHERE TO REGISTER

1. At an Employment and Claims Office of the Unemployment Insurance Commission, if you live in, or within five miles of, a city or town in which there is such an office; or
2. At the nearest Post Office, if you do not live in, or within five miles of, a city or town in which there is an Employment and Claims Office.

RENEWAL

You must renew your registration at least every two weeks if you remain unemployed.

By Authority of Order-in-Council P.C. 1445 of March 2nd, 1942.

HUMPHREY MITCHELL,
Minister of Labour.

Rationing cards for all forms of tobacco are issued in Nazi-occupied countries, but generally, there is no tobacco.

Some natural leaf is grown in Holland but the attempts at curing were curious.

Hitler's hatred of The Weed has spread among his younger devotees.

FIRST reports following the Budapest increase in the price of cigarettes and tobacco in Britain is that the demand has fallen sharply. Shops which used to keep all their cigarettes under the counter now display them openly and many, at any rate in the south, have found no great rush of buyers. It has been estimated that one person in 15 gave up smoking altogether and that about 25% of smokers have cut their consumption to some extent. Tobaccoists believe that they will all be smoking as much again in a week or two's time.

On the continent the problem is not so much the price of cigarettes, but the possibility of getting them at all. The Germans in Holland have announced a tobacco rationing scheme and have issued impressive ration cards. These have only made the Dutch smile, because they are wondering where the tobacco is to come from. For a long time now there has been none at all, except occasionally in black markets at fantastic prices. The ration promised the Dutch is 40 cigarettes, 10 cigars or two ounces of tobacco a week for all men over 18 and 40 cigarettes a month for all women over 25. This is on the best scale in Berlin and a bigger ration than is given to the workers in Hamburg, so the Dutch have good reason to be sceptical. The Nazis are great believers in ration cards as a psychological factor. They feel that while a person has a ration card he has hope and that the Dutch will be pleased with the cards, even if they do not get the tobacco since the paper will be an earnest of the Nazis' good intentions!

The Dutch are great smokers and probably the raid they enjoyed most was one during which Free Dutch planes dropped packets of cigarettes made from Netherlands East Indies tobacco and packed in orange packets. Many of the packets were picked up by German soldiers and an escaped Dutchman reported being offered one of these packets, in spite of its propaganda, by a German for the equivalent of 25 shillings—the best black market prices!

Tobacco Troubles

According to reports reaching England, the Dutch have shown some enterprise in growing their own tobacco. Unfortunately, the enterprise has not always been rewarded with cigarettes or cigars for the manufacture of the leaf is a highly technical process and many amateurs ruined their crops after harvesting. Correspondence reaching a Dutch tobacco manufacturing firm included the following: "Herewith my harvest of tobacco. Because things sometimes get lost in transport, I counted the leaves. There are 673. Please confirm and check before returning." Another wrote "Enclosed some tobacco leaves. I was told they should be boiled, but I did not get a satisfactory result. Will you kindly treat them in such a way that I can make cigarettes?"

In France, the Vichy government recently increased the taxation on cigarettes by between twenty-five and thirty-five per cent, but smokers generally would be glad to see more of the cigarettes—outside the black market. Typical prices for black market cigarettes reported recently were 50 francs for a packet of ordinary cigarettes which would have cost 8 francs before the war. This was in Monte Carlo where the rich and poor used to smoke cigars.

Greece has had the greater part of her rich tobacco growing country filched from her by Bulgaria who in turn seems to be passing on some of the tobacco to Germany. Tobacco used to be Greece's major export. Now in most places there is a tobacco famine.

Europe Suffers from Tobacco Famine

BY DAVID G. JOHNSTON

An interesting situation exists in Germany. Ever since Hitler came to power, there has been considerable propaganda against smoking. Hitler himself, as is well-known, is a virulent anti-smoker and all sorts of efforts have been made to tie up non-smoking with Nordic purity of race. "The German woman does not smoke" was a favorite slogan. Unfortunately for the Nazis, the German woman did smoke and reports suggest that there has been considerable discontent in Germany over the shortage of tobacco. This is largely artificial, for there is no doubt that Germany could satisfy

her needs with tobacco of some sort from the occupied countries if transport were available.

But those responsible for the economic angle of German war have taken advantage of Hitler's personal prejudice against smoking to cut down imports, before the war to save currency, now to save transport and labor. Recently Sauckel, the German controller of manpower announced that on May 1 all factories in which the workers were each making less than 15,000 cigarettes a day would be closed and only 150

brands would be made instead of 450. This means closing two-thirds of the cigarette factories equipped with less efficient machinery. The other factories will not be allowed any additional labor so that the only way in which they could maintain output would be to increase the hours of working.

That no increase is expected in fact, is suggested by the announcement that the tobacco ration is to be cut, although it is not stated by how much. Officially the ration is now five cigarettes a day, but this

is not always obtainable. In Hamburg, for instance, it is only three cigarettes a day. Now it is decreed that no woman over sixty or under twenty-five will be permitted cigarettes, the only exception being the wife of a serving soldier. A high proportion of the younger Nazis do not smoke as a result of being brought up in an atmosphere of admiration for everything the Fuehrer does. It will be interesting to see after the war whether the Germans conduct the same sort of enquiry into the value of smoking to morale as they did after the Great War into the value of joking.

The Fathers of Confederation, who laid the foundations of the Dominion of Canada in 1867.



Seventy-five Years Ago a Nation and a Bank were Founded

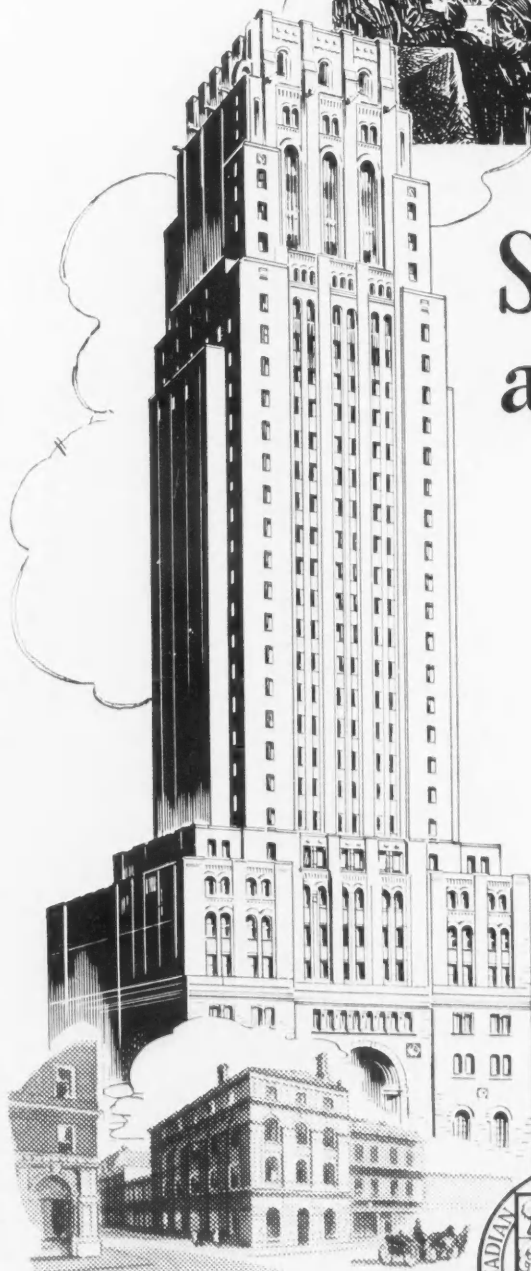
IN May 1867, on the eve of Confederation, The Canadian Bank of Commerce was established under government charter.

On July 1st, the four provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick became the Dominion of Canada.

Thus did a Nation and a Bank come into being.

New areas were added to the Canadian federation, until to-day the Dominion of Canada, with its nine Provinces and the Territories, stretches across the 3,000 miles from sea to sea. To-day, also, the productive capacity of Canada is more than twenty times greater than in 1867.

Canada, now an important member of the great British Commonwealth of Nations, is mobilizing her resources for victory over world-gangsterism. In that great task, The Canadian Bank of Commerce, with 75 years of history and experience behind it, is proud to take part.



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India's Power to Win the War Against the Axis

BY SADHU SINGH DHAMI

THIS, we are told again and again, is a total war. It's a war of men as well as material. It requires a wholehearted co-operation of all the people, soldiers and civilians, to assure victory.

It's a war of morale. People must have a cause to fight for and weapons as well as a spirit to fight with. We cannot afford that anyone murmur under his breath, "Wherefore should I die for Democracy?" Such a feel-

ing is an invitation to the bloodless conquest of the Fifth Column!

It's a psychological war. A persistent stream of clever propaganda issues from the fertile Japo-Nazi sources. It aims to exploit every weakness in the ranks of the Allies. It promises all manner of things to those who may be discontented with conditions as they are. Its New Order, a mere mirage created by skilful verbiage in the desolate desert of

the Axis aggression, would bring heaven on earth. It would lift the curse of Adam from the brow of man!

What is the democratic offensive to all this? What is India's position in a world more than normally insane? What is her strategic and military importance? What are her potentialities? What is the attitude of different communities and the Princes? What has been India's war effort? What more can she do? These are vital questions as the war is reaching its crucial period and the Japanese and the Germans cast covetous glances at the rich prize of Hindustan.

Out of every four persons in the British Empire three are Indians; out of every five in the world one is an Indian. With an area equal to Europe without Russia and a population of 388,500,000 (1941 census), India stretches 1800 miles from east to west (excluding Burma) and 2000 miles from north to south. With an area no more than three-fifths of the U.S.A., she has a population almost three times as large. Two-thirds of the country's area and three-quarters of its population are under the British administration; the rest is under the Native States, numbering 562. Two thirds of her population are Hindus and a fifth are Moslems.

Guns Face Wrong Way

India is a perfect geographic entity with natural boundaries. She is surrounded on three sides by the sea and on the fourth by the impregnable ranges of the Himalayas and the Hindu Kush. She has a vulnerable coast line of over four thousand miles, with numerous ports and harbours, four of which are known to most. The flat east coast without any natural defenses must be an irresistible temptation to the Japanese Navy now that it controls Rangoon and the Andaman Islands.

Following the course of history, the Government of India always suspected an invasion from the North-west, partly because of the turbulent tribesmen on the frontier and partly because of the real or imaginary threat of Russia. As a result the Khyber and Bolan Passes, the North-western approaches to the Indus Valley, have been well guarded. In case of a German invasion through Iran and Baluchistan, India is prepared to put up a stiff resistance. But the greatest immediate danger comes from the other side of the country. Over fifteen hundred miles away from India's defences on the North-west Frontier the menace of Japanese attack has become a grim reality. And the guns of the country—just as in Singapore—are facing the wrong way! In Singapore the British were prepared to meet the enemy approaching from the sea; he came by land. In India they were prepared for an attack by land in the North-west; it's coming by sea in the East. Hence the tremendous job of rushing the weapons of defense as quickly as possible to the East coast, to Assam and Bengal.

Potential Strength

Apart from this, what are India's position and potentialities to help win this war? Geographically India commands the control of the Indian Ocean. Her rich resources, if properly developed, and immense manpower, if properly organized and trained, could have made India one of the most powerful allies of the United Nations. A large country, almost as rich in natural resources as the United States and Russia, she could have easily become the military and supply centre for the entire orbit extending from Singapore to Suez. She could have an army of 10,000,000 men; and if thoroughly modernized, such an army could protect more than India. It could have guarded the Near East and perhaps helped Russia. But it is vain to regret what might have been and unwise to apportion the blame for the tragic state of things. But we should examine her industrial potentialities, her contribution in this war and her promise for the future.

Beyond doubt, this is the most mechanized of all wars. It is being

In this article Dr. Dhami continues to discuss how India's war effort can be made more effective.

He shows the contribution made to it by the Princes and the different communities such as the Hindus, the Moslems and the Sikhs.

He discusses India's strength and weaknesses, her strategic position to fight the battle of the Indian Ocean, her military unpreparedness before the war, strength gained by the Army, Navy and Air Force during the last two years, its meagreness compared with India's potential power and shows how India's vast economic resources and man-power can be harnessed to win the war.

fought not only by the gallant men in uniform, but also by the men in overalls laboring in field and factory. For every man at the front, it is estimated we need about seventeen, compared with two or three in the last war, to supply his needs and equipment. The strength of the military force today depends on the industrial organization which stands behind it and that, in turn, on the natural resources which a nation can command.

India is rich in natural resources. She possesses large reserves of coal, estimated at 36 billion tons. Its production has increased from an annual average of 18 million tons during 1914-1918 to 28.3 million in 1938. Her iron ore deposits are estimated at 3 billion tons as against the 254 million tons of Great Britain and the 1,374 million tons of Germany. Its production has increased from 400,000 tons per year during the last war to almost 2,500,000 tons in 1938. The expansion of the steel and iron industry would easily double or treble this amount. She has the second largest resources of manganese in the world. Its production has increased from an average of 577,000 tons during the last war to 1,052,000 in 1937. India has water-power second only to the United States in potential resources. She is rich in very high-grade bauxite, of which only 15,000 tons per year have been mined. She has valuable deposits of mica, copper ore, gold, silver, tungsten, chromite (used in chrome steel for armour plating for warships), magnesite (valuable in the production of light-weight alloys for the aircraft industry), beryl, corundum, etc. With the development of her metallurgical industry, she can produce her own aircraft, tanks, heavy guns and motor equipment. Yet by a strange paradox, she is so backward in her industrial development!

India's War Effort

She has enough leather, wool, jute, cotton, rice and oil seeds. She grows large quantities of barley, coffee, maize, sugar, tea, tobacco, and wheat. She has the largest livestock population of any country in the world.

Judging from her potential resources, India could be one of the major powers in the world. As it is, she has to hide behind the British Navy for protection and depend upon outside sources for heavy armaments. Let us examine into India's contribution to war. To obtain absolute figures on India's "real" war production of course is not possible. Most of the following data is culled from the two War Effort numbers of the official periodical *Indian Information*, Jan. 1, Feb. 1, 1942.

The pre-war Indian army of 210,000 (160,000 Indians; 50,000 British) was inadequate in number and poorly trained for modern warfare. It was a glorified police force, equipped with motor lorries and machine guns, largely engaged in frontier protection and internal defence. Today, according to *Indian Information*, Jan. 1,

1942, "she has a growing and well-equipped army, rapidly approaching strength of a million men, with expeditionary forces overseas already well exceeding 200,000." In Europe, Iran, Syria, Singapore, Hong Kong and Burma the Indian troops have played a heroic role. This large increase was obtained by calling reserves, mobilizing the forces of the Indian Princes and by opening recruiting centres all over the country. Recruiting increased to almost 50,000 men a month. It's no problem to get men for the army in India; the difficulty lies in providing them with modern equipment. The Indian army, however, is being rapidly modernized; the famed Bengal Lancers and the Indian Cavalry are now turned into mechanized units.

Fine Soldiers

The Sikhs, the Gurkhas, the Rajputs, the Mahrattas and the Pathans have established for themselves the reputation of being excellent soldiers. In recruiting for an adequate and large modern Indian army the Government must go outside the so-called martial groups; it must discard caste and other prejudices. Many have the mistaken view that the Indian army is largely Moslem. According to the official British figures of November, 1941, its present strength is only 35% Moslem, 52% Hindu and the rest mainly Sikh.

On the outbreak of the war, the Princes of India, ruling over 80,000,000 people, apart from considerable gifts of money, placed their entire resources at the disposal of the Crown. In 1938, the Indian State Force numbered about 45,000; by August, 1941, it had risen to 76,000.

The strength of the Royal Indian Navy, we are told, has expanded over 600% since the beginning of the war. It should be remembered, however, that in September, 1939, it had only "five sloops or escort vessels, ranging from 1200 to 2000 tons, a patrol ship, a survey vessel, a depot ship and numerous small craft." Two vessels of the Travancore class for submarine chasing and mine-sweeping were recently built in India. She is also building mine-sweeping trawlers displacing about 430 tons, motor mine sweepers and fast anti-submarine motor boats. Boilers and propelling machinery, however, have so far been imported from outside.

There are approximately 40,000 Indian seamen afloat. Most of them work in British ships and are paid a fourth to a sixth of the wages paid to the British sailors.

Similarly, the Indian Air Force has been increased 400% since the war. In 1939 it had a squadron of aircraft with a strength of over 200 officers and men. By the end of March, 1942, it was expected to have the equivalent of four squadrons of three flights each. Indians are not included in the Empire Training Scheme. Only 300 pilots and 2,000 mechanics are to be trained in India this year. In 1940, twenty-four Indian pilots were

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Reports from Cairo which tell of heavy RAF bombing of Axis Bases in Libya suggest that a large-scale British air offensive may be developing on that front. Although intense summer desert heat would undoubtedly handicap mechanized land operations the same objection does not apply in the air. Above: a Wellington being serviced in the desert. Below: a new Manchester ready to deliver 2,000 lb. bombs to Germany.



seconded to the Royal Air Force for the defense of Great Britain; two-thirds of these have been in action in the Battle of Britain.

The Hindustan Aircraft Works is the only aircraft factory in India. It is merely an assembly plant working with imported parts and turned out its first aircraft in 1941. This is an Indian enterprise with Government shares and American co-operation. It assembles Harlow, a training machine, and Curtiss Hawk fighters. No aero engines are made.

Considering Munitions and Supply, shortly after the war India was self-sufficient in more than twenty thousand different items of equipment. She makes rifles, machine guns, light artillery, explosives and shells. Regarding automobiles, the Government, "decided to import chassis components and concentrate on the pro-

duction in India of bodies and equipment." There is an assembly plant which is an American concern. Engines for motor vehicles are not made in India. But boots, blankets, ground sheets, sand bags, etc., are manufactured in large quantities. She is also producing mines, bombs and depth charges. Among other developments, a 2000-ton gun forging press has been imported and India now produces field guns, two types of Howitzer, carriages, trailers, etc. Indian steel industry is producing armour plates. Some day the Government of India hopes "to send overseas modern mechanized forces armed and equipped in every particular." For the time being, however, it seems that the Indian army will be of limited value unless America is prepared to send heavy equipment in larger quantities than she has in the past.

The bulk of officers, and almost all the higher officers in the Indian army are British. Most of the Indian officers hold Viceroy's commissions (not King's commissions) and are thus in an inferior position.

Political Impasse

Although much has been done to add to India's military strength since the beginning of the war, it is very small compared with India's potentialities and her need in case of a double invasion from the East and the West. Yet given proper training and weapons, the soldiers of India can give a good account of themselves against any army. Men are there and materiel and the threat of the Axis aggression should have united all parties in India for a common cause. That, unfortunately, was not to be! Yet we cannot abandon all hope.

The Viceroy's National Defense Council, the creation of which was announced on July 22, 1941, aims to "associate Indian non-official opinion as fully as possible with the prosecution of the war." But the Council is purely advisory; it has no executive power. The Congress Party and the Moslem League are not represented in it. None can say that it reflects the popular will. It cannot give the soldiers that enthusiasm which urges them to fight as hard as they can, and then a little harder. Morale is to be bought neither with money, nor imposed from outside. It's a defiant, unconquerable attitude resulting from fervor and inspiration provided by devotion to a great cause.

Mr. Churchill's statement in Manchester that the Atlantic Charter did not apply to India did not help matters in a situation which needed greater mutual trust. The failure of Cripps' mission left many friends of India and Britain in sorrow and dismay.

United Against Axis

Yet the situation is not as bad as it seems at first sight. Active collaboration between the government and the Congress would have given India the same spirit as Russia and China. The Congress, with its membership of about seven million—about half of them paying dues—, and with its influence in every village, town and city, could have turned the war into a people's crusade.

Even as it is, the Congress policy of non-violent non-co-operation is calculated to obstruct and hinder the invader. Organized mass non-co-operation means dynamic mass resistance. India has been deliberately kept disarmed. The Arms Act that forbids carrying even a long knife is still in operation. With the Japanese at the gates of Bengal, the Government is distributing among the people wooden batons with which to meet the mechanized hordes of the Mikado. To fight with such equipment is to invite mass murder. Non-violent non-co-operation can be quite effective where arms are not available. Many volunteers for military service are turned down on the ground of lack of equipment. Here is the nemesis of the Government's short-sighted policy! We have to face the raucous music of modern artillery as best we can.

In spite of all that, there are many encouraging factors in the Indian situation. There is no pro-Axis feeling in the country. There was a time when the Japanese slogan "Asia for the Asiatics" had a few admiring listeners, but what the Japanese refer to as the "China Incident" disillusioned even those who might have wanted to jump on the bandwagon at one time. Hitler has always referred to the Indian leaders scornfully. Nobody in the country fell for the German propaganda that the Nazis were to free India from the British. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, Germany's super-economist, went to India before the war and attempted to contact the magnates of Madras, Bombay and Ahmedabad. He was given a cold shoulder.

Industrially, India is not self-sufficient, but she is turning out war material faster than is generally believed. She is producing 90% of all the supplies needed by her armed forces, both at home and abroad. She can have enough ammunition of her own to organize bands of guerrilla

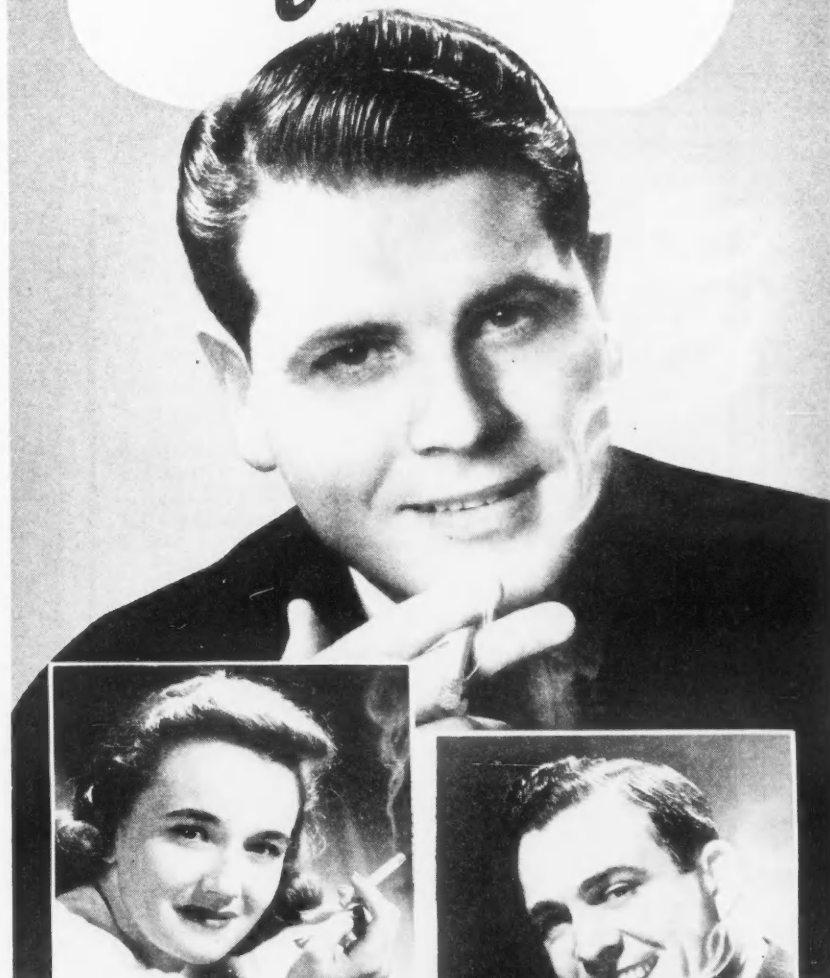
fighters. Even in the Congress resolution of non-violent non-co-operation, the emphasis is on non-co-operation rather than on non-violence. It says that, "We may not bend the knee to any aggressor, nor obey his orders. We may not look to him for favors, nor fall to his bribes. If he wishes to take possession of our homes and our fields, we must refuse to give them up, even if we have to die in the effort to resist him."

Beyond doubt, the most desirable thing would have been a joint militant action by the Government and the Congress against the invaders. This is particularly true when the Congress had only recently, and for the second time, abandoned its doctrine of non-violence. It had "hoped

to rouse the masses, trained for years in non-violence, to a violent resistance under a National Government entrusted with defense." Surely, with the gun at their head, they should be able to sink their differences!

It's late—but not too late yet! The Indo-British settlement, at least on the question of meeting the immediate danger of invasion, would give the country that crusader-like spirit so necessary for victory in a total war. "Then," to use the words of Lord Wedgwood, "factories will spring up, roads will be built, and men will fight. Without that spirit, disgrace awaits us and subjection awaits India. With it, we cannot fail to save India's future and our honor."

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THE HITLER WAR

The Great Slugging Match in Russia

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE development of the situation in Russia during the past week makes it possible to perceive somewhat more clearly the strength and strategy of the opposing sides. The Germans carried through their Kerch operations successfully, though two weeks seems a long time to clean out such a small sector, especially when the Nazi press reports made so much of their overwhelming air power, including "the greatest concentration of dive-bombers ever to be used on such a narrow front."

The Soviets, on the other hand, have not succeeded in taking Kharkov, though it is not certain that they definitely counted on doing this. Their best opportunity of seizing the city may have passed, as the Germans have had time to move up strong reinforcements. Timoshenko must have known that this would happen, and I think it may be assumed that his chief objective in attacking just before it seemed that the Nazis were about to strike was to force them to alter their plans, change their dispositions, and use part of the troops, supplies and energy stored up for their own offensive in a sector dictated by the Russians.

Thus, instead of striking towards Rostov, which must surely be the first objective of the German summer campaign, Von Bock is forced to turn and counter the Russian

thrust against Kharkov. Moreover, it looks as though he would have to fight out this Battle of Kharkov, and clear away the massive forces which Timoshenko has gathered there on his flank, before advancing any distance beyond Rostov. He won't forget how von Kleist got his foot caught in the door when Timoshenko slammed it closed at Rostov last November. This time, before a German Army ventures around the Rostov corner, the door—i.e., the front hinged on Moscow—must be pushed well open, perhaps back to Stalingrad.

What is German Aim?

Can we assume that the Germans are quite willing to fight it out with Russian armies around Kharkov, or anywhere else? This brings up the all-important question of what their aim is in this summer's campaign in Russia. Certainly the greatest victory which they could win would be the destruction of the Soviet armies. But I find it hard to believe that

they can do this, or think they can do it, in 1942, when they couldn't do it with all the advantages of surprise, weight of arms, blitz technique and air superiority last summer.

Nor do the Russians appear to think they can do it, when the Soviet Command carries the fight to the enemy and pushes deep pockets in the German front. It looks as though it were the Russians who were determined to slug it out this year, with the aim of wearing down the German Army. The best German hope, I should think, would be in gaining certain strategic positions, such as Rostov and Stalingrad, Leningrad and possibly Moscow and Baku.

Rostov they might take. It is one of the most highly strategic centres in Russia, a funnel through which almost all rail communications between Central Russia and the Caucasus pass. The oil pipe-line which is probably supplying Timoshenko's armies also passes through here from the Grozny and Maikop fields in the North Caucasus, producers of about 15 per cent of Soviet oil.

Occupation of Rostov by the Germans would seriously weaken the connection between the Russian armies of the centre and the Caucasus. But it would take the occupation of Stalingrad to effectively sever these armies, and also to cut the main line of oil flow from Baku, producing 75 per cent of Soviet oil, up the Volga to Central Russia. Seizure of Rostov, Stalingrad, and the Maikop oil field some 175 miles across the Kerch Strait, would seem to be the minimum German objective in the south.

Rostov might be taken, as it was last year, in a straight push from Taganrog, only 35 miles distant. Maikop might be seized by a double drive from Rostov and Kerch, though the Germans would have to expect to find wells, refineries and pipe-line sabotaged. Incidentally, in considering any drive through the Crimean Peninsula, it is said that the Germans have built a rail link from Kherson, at the mouth of the Dnieper, to Perekop, cutting out the long roundabout route through Dnepropetrovsk.

Moscow Again?

To attain even such limited objectives, however, the Germans would have to win a decision over Timoshenko's strong Southern Army. If they mass in the south to do this, the Russians will almost certainly attack in the centre. At the beginning of the week *Red Star* reported the Germans massing large forces on the central front, and also feverishly building fortifications. This looks as though they might be preparing to resist a Soviet offensive, rather than launch another of their own against Moscow. It is here that the Soviets, with the Moscow district war industries, the nearest and best connections to those of the Urals, and the inflow of British and American supplies through Murmansk and Archangel, are able to strike their strongest blow. It is also here that they are closest to Germany, especially on the north central front.

If it seems doubtful that the Germans would be willing to pay the price of another try against Moscow, they may try again to take Leningrad. It has never been definitely established whether the Nazi encirclement of the city was broken during the winter. There were accounts of trainloads of food reaching Leningrad, and it was my understanding that the ring had been broken. The Nazi anchor on Lake Ladoga, Schlüsselburg, appeared to have been left isolated, and trains run in on the Vologda line. The main double-track line from Moscow was never cleared; the Germans are holding this strongly at Volkhov.

It has since been suggested, from

Stockholm I believe, that any "trains" which reached Leningrad were truck trains run in across the ice of Lake Ladoga. If this is so, then Leningrad must be in a greatly weakened condition, and a new German attempt might offer a better possibility of success. The Soviet strategy for preventing this seems just as sound as that which Timoshenko is employing to save Rostov. It consists of a heavy concentration around Lake Ilmen, and constant pressure here against the German flank.

Capture of Leningrad would give Germany land communications with Finland, and would free forces for a renewed drive against Murmansk, or possibly Soroka, the junction point at the south-west corner of the White Sea, from where a branch line runs across from the Murmansk railway to the Archangel railway. Retention of Leningrad would provide the Russians with a large and convenient base from which to strike out with the full weight of Allied supplies coming in through Murmansk, once they had cleared the Murmansk railway north and south of Lake Onega, a job on which they have been working with some success lately.

Situation at Kharkov

As the season advances the fighting will probably spread northward from the Ukraine until the whole immense front is in action again. Meanwhile it doesn't appear as though the real German offensive has opened yet, even around Kharkov. The position here, from the meager information on place names and the conflicting claims of the two sides, is not very clear. But it seems that the Germans, intent on their Kerch operation and their preparations in the Donetz Basin, were taken somewhat by surprise by the Russian offensive against Kharkov.

They required a week to regroup some of their forces around Kramatorsk and Stalino to the south, and then launched a strong counter-blow against the shoulder of the pocket which the Soviets had pushed past Kharkov, deep in towards Lozovaya, during the winter. This pocket appears to have been approximately 50 miles wide and 50 miles deep. The Germans claim to have closed it and encircled a large Russian army. But we have heard such claims before, and the Soviet story is that after some initial success the German drive has been halted.

The battle looks to be developing into a great grinding struggle like Verdun, and the Russians express satisfaction with the destruction of German tank resources already achieved, notably by their new anti-tank rifle used by the infantry at close range. Soviet military commentators say that the Germans have reduced the number of tanks in their armored divisions this year from about 450 to 250, and claim that the equivalent of at least three of these divisions have been destroyed already. They identify among Bock's forces the 21st and 23rd Armored Divisions, recently arrived on the eastern front, the latter from the neighborhood of Paris.

Timoshenko's Tanks

The Germans speak of Timoshenko disposing of 15 armored brigades, which were originally rated at about half the size of a Nazi armored division. But no Russian spokesman has yet claimed tank equality with the Germans. Except at Kerch, the Russians seem to have at least equality in the air, and perhaps a slight edge, which is one of the most encouraging factors in the situation.

There is a BBC report that von Bock is blaming Hitler for being unable to make ready decisions, and a whole crop of other rumors about trouble among the Nazi leaders and disaffection inside Germany has sprouted lately.

I don't doubt for a moment that the German generals blame Hitler for continuing the offensive against Moscow until it almost turned into a disaster such as Napoleon met in 1812. When his confidence has been low, Hitler has always dilly-dallied over decisions. There must be a poisonous moral situation within Germany, with plenty of wrangling between high party leaders. Goering's outburst, typical of the man, gave the clearest indication we have had yet of the effect of the failure of last summer's Blitzkrieg and of the "frightful" winter campaign in Russia on public opinion, and of war weariness and further mobilization of workers on production. German rations have been cut twice this spring, too.

All this indicates a very bad basic situation. But I don't think it indicates an imminent collapse of Germany. Any such hope leaves out of account the inherent sense of discipline in the German soldier and civilian. These people are gripped in the machine. The system is rigid; it will go on functioning until a few days before it breaks to pieces. There is, besides, the deadly fear of what will happen to them if they give in, which adds a quite incalculable factor to the German situation.

"Victory in '42"

For myself, I think that any possibility of "victory in '42" depends on Hitler hurling his army to ruin as Ludendorff did in early 1918, on the Russians surviving with sufficient punch to deliver a strong counter-offensive this fall, on the scale of RAF bombing of German cities being at least doubled, either hitting twice as hard or twice as often, and on our landing in Western Europe. This is not intended as an exact prescription, however, for there are certain to be other and unpredictable developments.

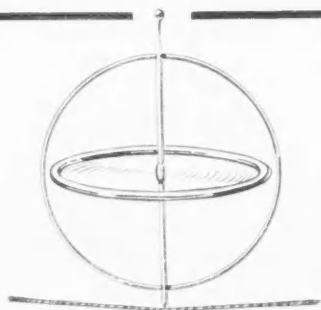
What, for instance, is going to happen in France and Italy? If Hitler has really given Mussolini the "go ahead" sign in connection with Italy's long-standing claims on Nice, Savoy, Corsica and Tunisia, that might be because Mussolini has convinced him that without some such satisfaction the Italian war effort must collapse. Or it may be a trick on Hitler's part to scare Vichy into the "collaboration" which he desires of her. The veiled threats issuing from Berlin that Laval must either deliver the goods or go, support the latter view.

I am therefore inclined to believe the latest story from London that German officers and seamen are training at French naval bases and being familiarized with French warships. Moscow warned many weeks ago that German naval staff officers were at Toulon preparing the way for this. It is also quite believable that the Germans have taken precautions against a flight of the Vichy fleet to North Africa by draining their oil fuel tanks to a minimum. Once the British Government is satisfied that this is the true situation—and I am assured by Free French friends that our intelligence from France is superb—an RAF smash at Toulon would not be surprising.

Nazis and Vichy Fleet

If the Germans have already gained such a concession what more are they seeking from the Italian agitation? Possibly a more complete concession allowing them free use of the French Fleet and North and West African bases. There have been numerous indications that they were alarmed by the spontaneity of French help for the British Commandos at St. Nazaire, and they must be concerned to take every precaution against a British-American landing on French territory anywhere from Casablanca to Corsica, as well as in the homeland.

An Italian occupation of Corsica, a German-Italian expedition into Tunisia, and German occupation of French naval bases and aerodromes from Algiers to Dakar would be designed primarily to forestall the Americans, who have talked a good deal about the desirability of hitting at Germany through the Mediterranean and Italy. American occupation of the Azores and Cape Verde Islands would probably follow swiftly on such an Axis move.



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THE WORLD OF SPORT

A Question of Minor Strategy

BY KIMBALL McILROY

THE United States Army, according to recent reports, is not kindly disposed toward Private Joe Louis Barrow's engaging in further fisticuffs of a professional nature so long as the present state of unsettled international affairs continues. In other words, if Joe goes through with his proposed bout with Billy Conn, or a reasonable facsimile of the same, he will promptly receive 28 days C.B. upon his return to camp.

Still according to the above-mentioned reports, the army feels that Joe should turn to fighting of a somewhat more desperate (his recent opponents might question the comparison) nature. Furthermore, they are reported to hold the conviction that heavyweight fights do nothing to improve the national morale.

From any army headquarters there emanate orders occasionally of a highly questionable nature. The suspicion persists in non-military circles that certain generals who are incapable of doing anything else are kept around for just this purpose while others more highly gifted attend to the humdrum business of fighting the war. In any event reports of these orders are ordinarily filed by the average citizen in the one place where they can assist in the war effort, the waste-paper drive being what it is.

The orders in this case appear to be thus questionable, for reasons so numerous that a small book would be necessary to outline them all. However, we can discuss a few, and will take the time to do so because Joe's is not a unique case and will be less so as the war progresses.

WHEN Joe Louis joined the army, back in the days when it wasn't quite so much the thing to do, certainly hundreds and perhaps thousands of others joined with him. They didn't file into a recruiting office behind him or sneak along in his pockets, but they were so influenced by his induction—the induction of a man they admired as people have admired no heavyweight champion in some years—that they were into the army

before they'd had time even to stop and think about it.

Joe's influence didn't stop there. Influences like that don't stop overnight. There are still lots of boys both in and out of the army who are saying to themselves, "If it's good enough for Joe Louis, it's good enough for me" or "If Joe likes it, I'll like it too." Every time Joe fights, his influence as well as his opponent receives a tremendous impetus. It doesn't make sense to hide a recruiting light like Joe Louis under a bushel of potatoes in some camp kitchen.

To take a more prosaic side to the question, Joe, like most athletes in the army, has not been employed as an ordinary fighting soldier anyway. His outstanding physical accomplishments make him far more valuable as a physical training instructor. Where are you going to find a soldier who won't work harder at P.T. for the heavyweight champion of the world than for a rather stockily-built Negro? Furthermore the army in days to come is going to want reinforcements from among the lads just growing up, and it will find better soldiers among those whose ambition it is to be a fighter like Joe Louis than among those whose dearest wish is to have a brain like Einstein.

LET'S get right down to brass tacks. In his recent fights, Joe has exhibited the peculiar idiosyncrasy of donating most of his own end of the purse to various adjuncts of the armed forces. Perspiring freely at the thought, but not to be outdone, Promoter Mike Jacobs has unpaid-locked the purse-strings and done likewise with a percentage of his. Even Joe's opponents, doubtless still somewhat dazed from the encounters, have contributed a bit.

These auxiliaries of the services, like everyone else, find money at times hard to come by. They do good work, work that leads directly to the men in the services doing good work.

They do more good work on the proceeds of a heavyweight championship fight than any one soldier, even an ex-champion, could ever do.

There is even a funny side to it. Mike Jacobs alleges that Joe needs a fight this summer to enable him (Joe, not Mike) to pay his income tax. This is a serious business. It surely can't be a good thing to have prospective recruits getting the idea that a soldier doesn't even make enough money to pay his income tax.

The army, let us always remember, has the final—and in fact the only—say as to what its men shall do and where and how they shall do it. If the army has made up its mind, then the decision sticks. But in the present case the army apparently has not made up its mind. It is still arguing with Mike Jacobs and that is absolute proof that it hasn't made up its mind. Maybe after arguing with Mike it won't be able to. But when and if it does, it is the hope of this department that it will take into consideration some of the circumstances noted above.

Whenever Joe Louis fights, the army gets wonderful publicity be-

fore, during, and immediately after the event. It is publicity of the best sort, publicity that reaches that part of the public which will supply the best soldiers. When Harry Ballogh stands up in the middle of the ring at Madison Square Garden or the Polo Grounds and bellows: "The winner, Private Joe Louis of the United States Army," a lot of young men get to thinking, "They seem to have some pretty good boys in that outfit; I'd better get in."

And in this connection there is an angle a lot more important still which nobody seems to have taken very deeply into consideration. At the time Joe Louis would be likely to be stepping into the ring this summer, there will be a lot of American soldiers fighting in out-of-the-way parts of the world and probably parts not so out-of-the-way. They won't be having much fun. There will be times when their spirits will be low and they'll be wondering in spite of themselves if they're going to come out on top.

They'll have radios with them. Fight fans can always find a radio. And if some night they can hear Harry Ballogh saying, "The winner, Private Joe Louis of the United States Army" or even "The winner, Private Billy Conn of the United States Army" they're going to get a kick out of it, a far greater kick than they'd ever get out of hearing that Joe Louis had been forbidden by the army to fight again for his title so that he could get down to the serious business of soldiering.

the traders very nearly wiped them out.

It was so bad indeed, that finally the Russian Government found it necessary to prohibit private enterprise altogether, and invest the power of trade and authority in the hands of an official corporation called the Russian-American Company. The company, of course, extended its enterprise far beyond the confines of the Aleutian group, and lasted until 1861, when the territory was placed under the administration of an imperial governor. Six years later America purchased the Alaskan territories, which included the Aleutians and Commander Group. It must have been one of the best deals ever made.

Fishing and hunting occupy most of the energies of the natives. Of late years a variety of other sources of income have been encouraged although conditions of life on the islands do not admit of a wide diversity of interests. The islands are generally well covered with growth, except trees; they are practically non-existent. By race the natives are Eskimo, although they differ widely from those of the mainland. The climate is not too bad in summer, but, of course, Alaskan in winter; rainfall is heavy, and fogs might be said to form an almost constant shroud for the islands.

There might be more ideal bases from which to attack the enemy, but worse have been made to serve. The largest and most important of the island groups is Unalaska; with Dutch Harbor in the vicinity. Another is Oumnak. We may yet get a familiarity with many such names in the Alaskan waters before the last shot is fired.

The Aleutian Islands

BY H. G. WETHERBY

The Aleutian Islands, extending westward for about twelve hundred miles from the Alaskan Peninsula, may well prove a most valuable base for attack on Japan.

WARS have a way of adding to general geographical knowledge. Before this war opened reference to the Aleutian Islands might have set many people searching a map of the world to discover just where they were situated. Since the Japanese have entered the arena, and, incidentally, demonstrated the value of islands, they have been added, in name at least, to popular knowledge. It might, indeed, be difficult to discover anyone who could not tell you just where they are, for most people, in a praiseworthy endeavor to find a spot just a little nearer for the better bombing of Japan, must have discovered, with satisfaction, how they stretch out from the Alaskan mainland deep into the North Pacific, like stepping stones which had been laid to bridge a gulf. They may yet prove their use to such an end, for while Canada and the United States drive on with their great Alaskan Highway project designed to protect the coastline, the mentality of attack into the heart of the Empire of the Rising Sun, is by no means dormant.

The Islands extend westward for about twelve hundred miles from the Alaskan Peninsula. Roughly there are about one hundred and fifty of them. They are mostly volcanic, and represent a continuation of the mountains of the mainland. They are of the type one would expect to find in such inhospitable seas, rocky, surf worn, rising forbiddingly from the water to uninviting altitudes. Vitus Bering, who has the credit for finding them just about two hundred years ago, must have received little encouragement to investigate their shores from the appearance of them, although members of his crew later did report that both they and the islands of the adjacent Commander Group were very rich in fur-bearing animals. Indeed, they had every reason to note the fact, because it was the Arctic foxes which brought disaster to them. Wrecked on one of the Commander Group, Bering and very nearly all the crew starved to death because the foxes stole their food.

That, however, was not the last of the trouble caused by the foxes.

In a way they brought disaster to the natives who existed on the islands. Reports of the fur-gathering possibilities sent Russian hunters across from the Siberian mainland of Kamchatka; gradually they ranged from the Commander Islands to the Aleutians and onwards, and Russia took possession, gaining her first footing on the American continent. From the Russians of that day the natives received a very thin deal indeed. In fact the cruelties of

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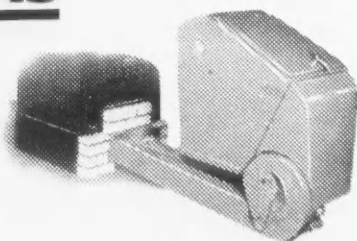
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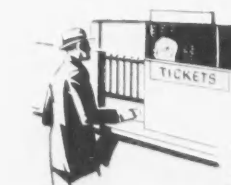


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CANADIAN NATIONAL

Los Angeles, Calif.

AS ONE or two readers may recall, after blowing the dust from the far corners of the memory, this reporter has always shown a lively interest in Mr. William Randolph Hearst. I have not often admired the aged publisher and sometimes I have waxed exceedingly bitter on the subject of his theories on the war. This preoccupation with Mr. Hearst has used up a lot of white space, to say nothing of the wear and tear on my nervous system.

It is therefore nice to report that I have ceased worrying about Mr. Hearst. After a fortnight of mingling with his constituents in California, I have found that no one worries about him around here, and it has dawned upon me that I have been wasting my time and blood pressure in needless fretting.

If the Hearst theories had profound effect upon public opinion, California would be the place where this would be most obvious. Three of his most successful newspapers are published in the metropolitan centres of this state; two in Los Angeles and one in San Francisco. His biggest estates are in California and his investments straddle the state's primary industries.

By way of investigating his influence on local thinking, I condensed

THE AMERICAN SCENE

The Pleasing Insanity of California

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

Mr. Hearst's war theories into a couple of crisp sentences. He believes America's main effort should be against Japan; he doesn't like Churchill's handling of the war; he doesn't believe Roosevelt is a good war President; and he is not much concerned about Fascism in Europe.

Being something less than Dr. Gallup, I could not make a scientific survey of public opinion in California. But my business is mingling and listening, and I am deeply convinced California believes Hitler is the main enemy and that his obliteration is the most urgent war job. I find a modest and not unexpected degree of dissatisfaction with Britain's war effort (especially in the Far Pacific), and that Churchill's popularity is very high. It is my estimate that Roosevelt has the complete confidence of the people of California, and in an election today he would sweep to office with unprecedented majorities. And finally, the people are much con-

cerned with Fascism in Europe and regard its defeat as the first condition of peace.

I have therefore removed the Hearst problem from my cerebrum on which it has been weighing quite heavily these last two years, and henceforth will confine my worrying to more serious considerations.

IT WAS not the intention of this column to cover California from the crackpot angle; at least, not on this particular journey. There are many other angles demanding the attention of the war reporter in this lush and industrious area, and I firmly believe that California is a credit to the nation and to the free world beyond in the manner in which it has buckled down to the business of winning the war.

But it is difficult to ignore the strain of mild and completely deli-

cious insanity which is a recognized facet of California life. There are a lot of people here who have nothing better to do than to think up ideas for the betterment of mankind, and when ideas are developed wholesale it is inevitable that strange phenomena should be included with the general bundle.

Since I have been here, a few new thoughts on the crackpot theme have come up, and I cannot resume my tour of inspection without recording these for the pleasure and enlightenment of my constituents.

CALIFORNIA, for instance, is in a class by itself in the matter of murder and divorce cases. Bizarre is a mild descriptive for the sort of case that comes up daily in the courts. Only the other day there was the case of a lady demanding a divorce on the ground that her husband got jealous because she was caught bowling during a blackout. And a few days before that, there was a murder case on the calendar. The gent charged with the ultimate crime apparently tried to kill his lady friend by cajoling a couple of rattlesnakes into biting her. When the rattlers declined the assignment (as any gentlemanly rattler would) the gent was discouraged and polished her off by bashing her on the head with a blunt instrument. This was a gauche procedure by California standards and the gent will certainly get short shrift from the courts.

The most recent gem, however, is a divorce case heard before Superior Court Judge John Gee Clark. The plaintiff, one Robert O. Koontz, a blacksmith, was awarded a divorce from his ever-lovin' wife, Roslyn A. Koontz, on ground of mental and physical cruelty.

Mr. Koontz testified that he found it difficult to provide for himself, his ever-lovin' wife and also 23 cats. When there wasn't enough food to go around, his wife insisted that the 23 cats be fed first, according to Mr. Koontz.

"I finally had to leave her and go to a hospital where the doctors said I was suffering from malnutrition," he complained with some fervor. While there was no medical testimony on the point, it is understood that the 23 cats were so well fed they might have been suffering from high blood pressure.

Mr. Koontz also testified that his wife, through some minor oversight no doubt, neglected to get a divorce from her first husband before marrying him (Mr. Koontz), and while this was serious enough, it upset him no little to discover (according to his testimony) that she was enamored of a veteran from a local soldiers' home and would frequently bring him home. This, mind you, in addi-

tion to the 23 cats. "This greatly embarrassed me before my relatives and neighbors," said Mr. Koontz in calm understatement.

This, however, was nothing. "The last straw," said Mr. Koontz, "was this. She finally told me I'd have to change the spelling of my name as her studies of numerology had made her conclude I didn't vibrate properly to the name of Koontz."

He got his divorce, and three cheers, I say in behalf of all suffering males, for Judge John Gee Clark.

THE local newsboys continue to delight and entertain. On Hollywood Boulevard at Wilcox there is a midget who might be with a circus, but he isn't. He does quite well, thank you, selling newspapers. And he smokes cigars fatter than he is. At Vine and Melrose, the newsboy on duty wears a tail-coat, striped trousers and a high hat. It grieves me to report, however, that his shirtfront is not altogether spotless. The leather-lunged gent at Sunset and Labrea screams the most original headlines in town, "Hitler sappy, Mussolini batty, Hirohito nuts!" Is the cry on which he was peddling early editions by the dozen the other night.

A modest sign on a Sunset Boulevard tonsorial emporium tells this meaningful story: "Army haircuts repaired."

Food is a principal topic of conversation here. A maitre of a prominent restaurant buttonholed me the other day and insisted on explaining that the marinated herring he serves is the only authentic marinated herring in town. All others, he asserted, are fakes.

HOLLYWOOD also makes its little contribution to the delicious flavor of the crackpot atmosphere; in evidence of which I offer one or two excerpts from the local gossip columns.

"Through the courtesy of the local bookmakers," writes an expert in the Herald and Express, "Maxie Rosenbloom is returning to his own canteen on Monday night."

"The Kiwanis Club of Duluth," writes another expert in the same newspaper, "has sent Red Skelton a scroll saying that his radio catch line, 'I doo it!' is the best definition yet of Americanism."

"How to be like Madeleine Carroll," is the headline in another movie publication. And most interesting, I would say, to the common or garden variety of young lady.

"Did you know," asks the movie expert of the Examiner, "that Priscilla Lane, star of 'Silver Queen,' buys eggs from the studio gatekeeper, Frederic Manning, who is a gentleman farmer on the side?"

"Did you know," he persists, "that Milton Berle had a special ring designed that when pressed open reveals a tiny picture of his bride, Joyce?"

I didn't know all these things. And now that I know them, I am well, I am shattered.

NUTS and BOLTS to HITLER



Nuts and bolts and other things—tanks and shells and bullets by the boatload—all these will flow in an even greater volume as the effort of the individual Canadian increases. Help ensure more than enough for Canada's armed forces—by gathering every piece of waste material—paper, bones, fat, brass, copper, aluminum—the list is endless. Call your local salvage committee. It's an opportunity for everyone to assure that steady flow of messages of death to pagan Huns and pagan Japs.

Minor repairs and adjustments will make your present plumbing fixtures last far longer. Don't replace them with new ones unless absolutely necessary, and you will be saving that much more metal for Canada's army, navy and air force.

WALLACEBURG SHOWERS AND FAUCETS

WALLACEBURG BRASS LIMITED — WALLACEBURG, ONTARIO
TORONTO MONTREAL LONDON WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

SHOWERS FAUCETS TRAPS DRAINS STOPS LABORATORY FIXTURES TUB FILLERS



This plane used to form part of Hitler's Luftwaffe. Now it is serving the RAF but in the more peaceful capacity of instructional equipment. A Junkers 88, it was brought down in a recent raid over Britain where damages were repaired. British markings identify its new ownership.

A Second Baku; Russia's Hidden Riches in Oil

An enormous oil-field in the foothills of the Ural Mountains bids fair to dwarf the production-record of the Caspian Sea area. Three years ago the product of the so-called "Second Baku" was only 74,000 tons. In 1942 about 7,000,000 tons is to be expected.

The refinery at Ufa produces aviation petrol of 95 octane quality and already great reserves have been built up. Best of all, this area is far beyond the effective radius of enemy bombers.

THE capture of the Caucasus oil fields would be of incalculable importance to the Nazis. Yet assuming that the enemy did succeed in cutting the Russians' oil-line, our allies would still have enormous riches in oil.

For the output of the so-called "Second Baku," lying on the Western slopes of the Urals, far out of range of the German bombers, is increasing by leaps and bounds. It is prophesied by Soviet oil experts that this field is destined to become as famous as that of the original Baku. As part of their scheme of conservation of resources, our allies have stored up huge reserves of oil here.

Incidentally, it is on this area that Russia primarily relies for her production of the 95 octane aviation spirit. The refinery at Ufa has an annual capacity of 40,000 tons, and its output has been an influential factor in the victories of the Red Air Force over the Luftwaffe.

The growing output of the Second Baku field, which covers an area as large as the British Islands, has been one of the most notable features of Soviet industry. As recently as 1934 only 74,000 tons were produced; by 1939 the figure had risen to about 1,800,000 tons; and this year no less than 7,000,000 tons is scheduled. From what we know of the efforts of Russia's workers during the past nine months it is certain they will achieve the planned output. In fact, M. Baybakov, Assistant People's Commissar of the Oil Industry, says that dozens of oil-drilling brigades and oil-producing gangs are fulfilling their production plans 150 to 200 per cent. This means new wells are being drilled at almost double the usual speed, and that the output of existing wells has also considerably increased.

Besides the Ufa refinery there are others on this field at Syzran and Sazatov, and the two chief oil-field

centres are Makat and Ishimbaev. The Russians are great builders and, despite the war, ambitious plans for new cities are being drawn up. The largest of these will be Zamansk, plans for which were drawn up last year by the Leningrad Town Planning Institute. Zamansk will be situated along the banks of the Kama River, about a score of miles from Molotov (formerly known as Perm). It will have a population of 150,000, and an electric railway will link it with the important industrial centre of Krasnokamsk, another city in the oil area.

It must be rather galling to the Nazis to hear of the rapid development of the Second Baku, for as the result of the 1939 agreement the Germans hoped to help in its development. It was reported that technicians and engineering equipment had reached the area in 1940. The situation of the fields makes it impossible to exaggerate their political, economic, and strategic importance. Lying in the very heart of Russia they are practically impregnable to any enemy designs. A new

railway has been built giving better communications with Moscow and Central Asia, and this has involved the building of a bridge over the Kama three-quarters of a mile long.

The Soviets were also not satisfied with the output up till quite recently, even though it was rising fast, and so to increase it new personnel have been drafted to the area. The work is by no means easy, for the ground is extremely hard, making boring difficult; and in winter the temperature some-

times drops to 40 degrees below zero. But new methods are being employed; metal frames instead of concrete are being used for building foundations for steam engines and similar installations. Some derricks are built from huge blocks.

As everywhere else in Russia women are playing a leading part on the oil-fields. They have replaced men drawn to the army, and they are now acting as chauffeurs, stokers, engineers, and turners, mechanics, tractor drivers and electricians in the various types of work the oil-field calls for.

How Shall We Keep Fit?

This year you owe yourself a vacation that will send you back to your wartime work refreshed—invigorated. What would you like to do? Brace up by the sea, where the air is full of ozone? Cruise sheltered inland seas on a comfortable liner? Golf, ride, hike in the mile-high wonderland of the Canadian Rockies? Whatever you choose, Canadian Pacific can help you plan a memorable holiday—and the cost will be less than you think!

CRUISE INLAND SEAS 5 Glorious Days — \$50 up.

Thrill to the delights of an ocean voyage—on sheltered, inland waters. Congenial shipmates... deck games, dancing, tasty meals, and cool, airy staterooms. All-expense Great Lakes Cruises between Port McNicoll, Port Arthur and Fort William.

BANFF for a Bracing Vacation in the Heart of the Canadian Rockies Alpine Air—Congenial Company

All-inclusive special rate at Banff Springs Hotel for stay of 7 days or longer. Room with bath and

table d'hôte meals. Privileges of golf course, tennis courts, cool or warm sulphur water swimming pools, concerts and ballroom. For as low as \$10 a person per day, double occupancy. Also, unprecedented bargain monthly rates, room with bath and all meals, as low as \$250 single occupancy, \$225 double.

No matter what part of Canada you live in, a refreshing vacation is near at hand at a Canadian Pacific resort and the cost is moderate. Plan your holiday now. See your nearest Canadian Pacific agent for attractive literature, rates and reservations.

Down to the Cooling Ocean

MODERATE HOTEL RATES

Golf, tennis, deep-sea fishing, swimming in sun-warmed sea water, dancing. Enjoy such pleasures in a truly Old English atmosphere at the Algonquin, St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, N.B., or the Digby Pines, overlooking beautiful Annapolis Basin, at Digby, N.S.

Canadian Pacific

Always carry Canadian Pacific Express Travellers Cheques



The man who led the Commandos at St. Nazaire: A builder before the war, Lt. Col. A. C. Newman, above, is now expert at "playing rough."

THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

Scouting for Novelists

NEW YORK publishers have their agents in Canada and have long known that the potential market for their product in the Dominion is seldom impressive. They also have known that public interest in the United States concerning Canadian life and affairs has been negligible. Recently it has been stimulated by the war by the happy co-operation for defence between Washington and Ottawa, and by the scope of the Commonwealth Air Training Plan. Several books dealing with Canada have had an unexpected success.

For these reasons Mr. Cecil Goldbeck, of Coward-McCann, New York, has come to Toronto to have a look at some Canadian writers, to find out what they are thinking about, to measure (if possible) their competence as craftsmen, and to ponder their commercial value in the American market. It's a fairly large assignment, but a baseball scout strolling into a grandstand can discern the possibilities of a short-stop for the Big Time in half-a-glance. Possibly a literary scout will not be less gifted.

For many years past Canada has been exporting Brains to the United

States. In Medicine alone two names occur: Osler and Barker. In Divinity, in Education, in Engineering, a notable list might be compiled. But the product of Brains has not always moved freely southward. In the matter of novels alone, the publishers have been inclined to say "Our people would not understand; the scene is unfamiliar." So, not uncommonly, the writer has found more hospitality in England than from his next-door neighbor.

It is true that great passions in action are international, but the smaller passions of entertainment seem to need a national color to carry them. The fact that Canadians and Americans are cheerfully agreed in the matter of chewing-gum, coca-cola, ice-cream cones,

escaloped potatoes, hot-dogs, maple syrup and pie does not prove that they are one people. There are differences, sometimes plain, but more often subtle. The swing of the social pendulum is greater in the United States than here. Our neighbors are a mercurial people, even as the Greeks of old time. "For all the Athenians . . . spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." Canadians are less likely to run to extremes.

Meanwhile, to Mr. Goldbeck, all success; and to the Canadian writers, good luck from his visit.

A Fine Novel

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

NIGHT OF FLAME, by Dyson Carter. (McLeod, Toronto. \$3.)

IF THE new Canadian novelist, Dyson Carter, does not speedily attain rank as a best-seller very close to that of the other Canadian novelist, Lloyd Douglas, this reviewer will be greatly surprised, and the fact that Mr. Carter is science columnist for SATURDAY NIGHT hasn't a thing to do with this prediction—except that of course he would not be a S. N. columnist if he did not have a considerable amount of style as well as some knowledge of his subject.

The reason why Mr. Carter is a good columnist is the reason why he is a good popular novelist. He absorbs facts at a terrific rate; but he sees them not merely as isolated facts, but as forces at work in the lives of human beings. That is why his science column is never dry; and that is why his novel is exciting from cover to cover.

It is all about life in a hospital, a life which Mr. Carter's researches have assured him is not entirely devoid of sex interest—a subject about which he is much more direct than Dr. Douglas;—and exactly one-third of it, the last third, is devoted to a most grimly realistic narrative of a big fire in an old hospital building, viewed from every angle and from every conceivable kind of mental attitude in the sufferers and participants of the struggle. For Mr. Carter's peculiar power, which lifts this novel far above the mere thriller, and may lift his future novels even higher, is the power to enter into the psychological processes of those in whom life and desire and imagination still persist although their bodies are broken and subjugated by disease and accident.

The passion of contemporary medical science for keeping life going no matter what the state of the body has caused an immense increase in the number of such cases, and they constitute a vast fund of human tragedy. Mr. Carter's attitude towards them is in no sense morbid, but he has an uncanny perception of the sheer lust of power which develops in some great operating surgeons and makes them regard the patient as no more important, in his individual capacity, than the stones with which the great architect builds his corresponding creations.

Family Stuff

THE AMAZING ROOSEVELT FAMILY, by Karl Schriftgeisser (Wilfrid Funk, \$4.75).

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR, by Francis Trevelyan Miller (Winston, \$1.50).

GENEALOGY is a dull subject. It's a strain even to the man whose ancestry is being explored. Outsiders cannot be expected to follow it with any enthusiasm. Even assuming that high qualities of mind and spirit are transmitted from generation to generation they come in mixed packages, for the number of one's direct ancestors becomes imposing after the first two or three removes. One thinks of the old prob-

lem of the horse-shoe nails. How is one to know that any quality, for example, a hatred of bread pudding, has been bequeathed from one of seventy or eighty blood-ancestors, and how pick out the one? In any event that peculiar hatred may be an original, the product of a new and complex mind.

But hero-worshippers are not content with a picture of the hero himself. They want to know why he is thus. And the laborious biographer immediately climbs the family tree and looks down benignly from its collateral branches while picking the fruitage of unimportant fact.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt is important in his own right. So was his distant cousin Theodore. But neither of them owed his importance to Claes Martenzen van Rosenvelt first mentioned in American annals over three hundred years ago. Ten generations! Again recalling the horse-shoe nails, that means 1024 great-great-great etc. So one may be pardoned in dismissing both these books, one on F. D. R. and the other on Douglas MacArthur from exhaustive consideration. They do what they set out to do, adequately, sometimes even brilliantly. So what?

Sharply etched pictures of the present men are provided. For these much thanks. But the genealogical padding may be taken as read.

A Paris Street

THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS, by Elliot Paul (Random-Macmillan, \$3.50).

FOR eighteen years Elliot Paul was an American news correspondent in Paris, knowing intimately the variegated people in the *Rue de La Huchette* just over the River from Notre Dame. Now that the Germans are in Paris, fouling its atmosphere and smearing the soul of the city with their infernal efficiency, Mr. Paul looks back with a nostalgia akin to pain and brings to vivid life the strangely assorted individuals he used to know. He writes of the shopkeepers, the men of the cafes, the public employees, the priests, the vagrants, the women, tight and loose. And in so doing he makes a cross-section of the Paris of yesteryear.

The oddities of life and thought, the strange views of politics, current events, and the outside world possessed by these old friends are set down with directness, without prejudice, moral or otherwise, and with an all-embracing sympathy which records the vulgarities because of their sincerity and their persistent humor. Where else but in Paris would a vagrant sleeping in a warm corner of the pavement refuse to wake and move on until a policeman made a special trip to his lair? And where else would a vagrant be moved to tears over a cartoonist's death?

Any one knowing the old Paris at all intimately will rejoice at this book. And if English-speaking people will suspend their prejudices temporarily while reading it they may reach a partial understanding of a great city and a great people, robbed and betrayed by their own leaders. The author is bitter about them, but equally bitter about the public men of England and the United States in the days of appeasement.

Letter to a Boy

ADAM OF THE ROAD by Elizabeth Janet Gray; illustrated by Robert Lawson. (Macmillan, \$2.75.)

MAYBE boys and girls are right when they think that history is stupid; at least the kind of history that comes in dusty books, without pictures, and is all cluttered up with dates and wars and other foolishness.

But there's another kind of history as jolly as fairy tales. It's the kind that tells how people lived long ago; what they had to eat, what their

homes were like, how they worked and how they played.

It's all very well to know that King John signed Magna Carta in twelve hundred and something and that minstrels went from castle to castle and from fair to fair singing and juggling. But it's better to read of a brave little boy, the son of a minstrel, who set out with his father from the Abbey of St. Alban's and wandered to London, and Guilford and Oxford.

His name was Adam, and he played the harp and sang, and stood on his head, if necessary, and even turned six cart-wheels without stopping. And he saw palmeres just back from the Holy Land, and pilgrims going to Canterbury to the town of St. Thomas, and knights, and fair ladies, and robbers. He had a gallant time, save for the unhappy fact that he lost Nick, his little red spaniel, and even lost Roger his father. But he came to Oxford and was entertained at Merton College, (just because he knew his Latin,) and there he found both Nick and Roger.

Sumner is i-cumen in
Loude sing cuckoo.

Giant Air Plan

IN a folio of 160 pages, with sixty more of stunning display advertising, Leslie Roberts has described the setting-up of the Commonwealth Air Plan, and the method of training student-pilots, observers and ground men. The title is Canada's War In The Air, the binding is in portfolio style in blue boards, the printing is admirable and the book is crowded with pictures, touching upon every phase of air-activity.

As for the writing: Mr. Roberts had a story vital to the pride of Canada but utterly unknown to the millions outside of the circle of soldiers and civilian administrators.

1882 • Modern for Sixty Years • 1942

Current Trend

In many instances men formerly available to estates on questions of investments, taxation or real estate are being drawn into the war effort; on the other hand the difficulties of property management continue to increase. If you have estate problems this trust company, with its trained personnel and wide experience, can give you invaluable assistance. Why not consult our Officers today?

THE TORONTO GENERAL

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Keeps Dogs Away

When sprayed on bushes, evergreens or other material the odor of Black Leaf 40 keeps dogs away. They don't like it.

DON'T CHASE the DOG—Get the BLACK LEAF 40!

DUNN SALES, LIMITED
140 St. Paul St.
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Rely on the Man who KNOWS the way!

● Finding the way out is no problem for men who know the bush . . . but how easily most of us, without an experienced guide, can lose our way.

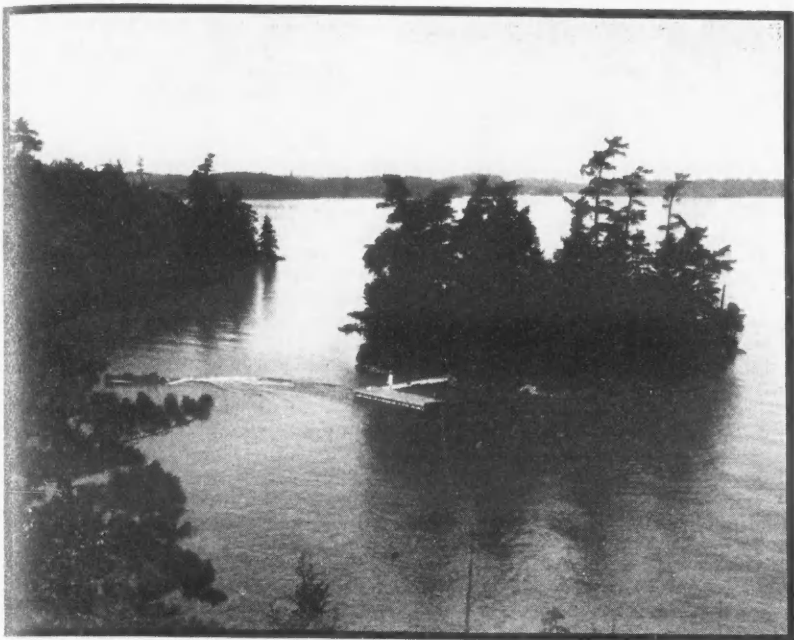
You can "get lost" trying to find your way through unfamiliar financial problems, too. Only one of a hundred life insurance policies may be the right one for you. Or a combination of several may be needed to give you and your family the security you want.

Right guidance will help you to solve such problems simply and effectively . . . and a Canada Life representative, specially selected and trained, can be of definite assistance to you. Why not have the benefit of his advice?

Canada Life

Canada's Oldest Life Assurance Company

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO



Typical of Muskoka's countless beauty spots is pine covered Venetian Island in Lake Rosseau. This view is from the Royal Muskoka Hotel.

THE BOOKSHELF

Wit from Newfoundland

NOVELTY ON EARTH. By Margaret Duley. Macmillans. \$2.75.

WE MEN always like to pretend to ourselves that women writers cannot draw us in all our virile masculinity. Their portraits, we say, are too subjective; they do not see us as we really are. But masculine pictures of men are equally subjective; man always sees himself as an heroic figure in his relations with women, whereas seldom is he a hero to his wife, but just a fallible human being that she cannot do without, and cherishes for all his failings.

Murray Blair in Miss Duley's new novel is a remarkable creation; yet, if he lived, he might hardly recognize himself. But this is the way he was, in reality; there is no doubt about this, even in a masculine reader's mind. In "Highway to Valor" this Newfoundland author's success of last year, she showed that she had an astonishing power of really entering into her characters, though the background in that novel was wonderfully done too.

This new book is nothing but a study in human relationships, and the background is of no importance. It is a novel for adult minds only; her perception is too subtle and her understanding of human problems has clearly been the fruit of too considerable a life experience for it to be easily re-digested by sluggish readers in search of soluble pills of knowledge. But there is gaiety too—minor flights of fancy and shafts of wit illuminate the whole. A book to buy and treasure and re-read.

Saguenay Post

Mr. William Hugh Coverdale, President of Canada Steamship Lines, Limited, is the author of a most attractive monograph entitled *Tadoussac, Then and Now*. He tells the story of this famous post at the mouth of the Saguenay which had its beginnings in 1600, by assembling and condensing all the old records of ship masters, fishermen, fur-traders, and missionaries. The narrative has its climax, of course, in the opening this year of the new Tadoussac Hotel. The book is a quarto bound in boards, excellently printed, and illustrated.

Gallant China

DESTINATION CHUNGKING. by Han Suyin. (McClelland & Stewart, \$3.)

A YOUNG Chinese girl of good family goes abroad to study. In England she qualifies as a nurse, specializing in obstetrics. While there she meets a young man whom she had known as a child, doing duty as mil-

itary student sent by Chiang Kai-shek. Their friendship ripens into love and they return together to China to be married in Hankow.

This is the story of their journey from Hong Kong to Hankow, to Chungking and Sz Chuan. The young man is called to military duty and for a great part of the time fears that his bride has been killed in the bombing of Chungking.

There is nothing in recent literature more vivid and more moving than the record of this bombing. The whole book is radiant with charm, and gallant in spirit.

Tolstoy's Masterpiece

WAR AND PEACE, by Leo Tolstoy. (Mussion, \$4.)

ALL critics in all languages agree that *War and Peace* is one of the great novels; a canvas mighty in its main design and triumphant in detail. Since it deals with the period of Napoleon's march to Moscow and his disastrous return, when Russian resolution touched the empyrean; and since today another aggressor is being broken before the same Russian spirit, the time is surely ripe for a new edition. Louise and Aylmer Maude are the translators, and a notable Introduction is written by Clifton Fadiman of *The New Yorker*.

It is just possible that you who read these lines may be one of the many civilized persons who admit that *War and Peace* is a classic, but who say that they have never had time to read it. For the sake of your soul take time, beginning today. And don't quit.

Winning Poets

Prizes of \$50, \$15 and \$10 were offered in January last by The Poetry Society of Winnipeg for the best lyrics to be submitted. The Board of Judges was composed of G. L. Broderick and Chester Duncan, of the English Department of The University of Manitoba, and W. Meredith Thompson of United College, Winnipeg. They faced a problem when 761 entries were received.

The result of their labor has just been announced. First prize goes to John V. Hicks of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, for a poem entitled *Wind in the Corn*; second, to Jean Paul Talbot of Saskatoon for *The Minstrel Ghost* and third to Jessie D. Boyd of Calgary for *Two Peacocks*. Special Honorable Mention is made of Robina Monkman, of Toronto. Her entry was entitled *For a Dead Airman*.



A man who had much to do with winning the last war discusses one of Britain's pressing problems today: how to increase her agricultural potential and thus swell food supplies. Here, David Lloyd George tells R. S. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, how it was done when he was "P.M."

PORTS OF CALL

Muskoka Went Norwegian This Spring

BY JEAN CAROLINE LOVE

But it was not until the early 1900's that this beautiful natural playground caught the interest of the would-be summer colonist and the tourist. The same white ships which had brought the pioneers now ushered in the holidayer. With no motor cars and no highways, sight of the snowy steamer approaching round the bend was the summer resident's only guarantee of bread. And he learned to depend on the good white ship.

You will remember Port Carling, if you have ever summered in Muskoka—that busy little hub of the great water-wheel which churns up the waters of the Muskoka Lakes—that sunny northern village upon which hundreds of holidayers descend from the Muskoka colony round about to do their shopping. You will remember the dock at Port Carling, too, the long board walk, the quaint little shops fronting along it and the many launches tied up. Well, it's Spring in Port Carling today.

So high was the water-level all over the Muskoka Lakes this season that most docks have been very much under water. Driven to it by the waters that flooded the building, men at the Port Carling Boat Works wore long rubber hip boots at their work. Latest reports indicate that the level has lowered considerably during the past three weeks.

But if Port Carling is a busy centre, the three large lakeland regions that spread out from it are as restful as the very pine trees that nod along their rocky edges. Muskoka has long been populated with summer colonists, yet the woodland islands and points have never been desecrated with harsh, unsightly

homesteads erected to destroy the natural beauty of the landscape.

Hay fever cannot thrive in Muskoka. Sprayed by pine resin instead of pollen, the fresh, clear air is cool and invigorating. Many tourists will remark that though habitual insomniacs at home, they sleep dead-to-the-world when they enter the land of the fluffy pine tree.

If this summer you want to take the holiday you've always longed for the kind that gives you cool sport, good food, refreshing quiet and lazy days—come to Muskoka!



CAMP WHITE BEAR Timagami Forest Reserve OPEN NOW

A Fishing Lodge—On famous Lake Timagami, Northern Ontario, train or good Highway to head of Lake, excellent fishing. Private cabins for 2, 4 or 6 people, modern private bathrooms, electric lights, fireplaces. Daily boat and Mail service. Exclusive Clientele. Rates \$50.00 per week. Accommodations 85 persons. For literature, information, reservations: Harry Leonard, Camp White Bear, Timagami, Toronto Office, 67 Yonge St., Phone WA. 7552.



Family fun!

Give your family the kind of vacation they've always wanted—out in British Columbia. Long hours of pleasantly tempered sunshine... the racy invigoration of forest-scented air... safe, crowdless swimming... make British Columbia the ideal place for an outdoor holiday. This year send your family to Canada's evergreen playground.

KEEP FIT TO DO YOUR BIT

British Columbia
THE VACATION-LAND THAT HAS EVERYTHING!

WRITE TO:
THE BRITISH COLUMBIA GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
VICTORIA, B.C., CANADA

WHOEVER remarked that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" and don't forget Jill—never said a truer word as it applies to Summer, 1942. In all likelihood Jack's nose is almost worn away by the grindstone, and Jill, too, is becoming a little snub-nosed. And while neither of them may be in the mood for riotous play, they are due for a period of relaxation and rest—if only because their capacity for further work during the following months will be increased by it.

Vacation time is only a few weeks away but now the usual question of "Where?" is replaced by "How?"

There are some interesting things ahead for those who are owners of summer houses or those who rent them. Most of them will turn out to

be rather on the credit side, we believe. And for this we must give credit to what is delicately called The Gasoline Situation. Except for those of an overwhelmingly hospitable nature, the fact that week-end guests will have to balance the value of several days of one's delightful company against the value of gas rationing points—or the longer time

it will take them to get there—won't be unbearable. In fact, it may throw a new light on various friendships.

Once established in the summer house—which depending on your love of privacy and solitude, may be anywhere from one to several miles from "civilization," one's field of operations is limited pretty much to the range of a bicycle or a rowboat or canoe, for the privately owned launch won't have much chance of throwing up its white wake this summer. But there are alternatives at most summer resort regions. If you can't get to the shop, the shop will come to you. Most of the large stores will send shipments of everything from breakfast food to sun-burn lotion, and those pretty little steamers which used to dot most of the Northern Lakes will bring them from the railroad to the nearest dock. And it's an excellent opportunity to enjoy the novelty of shopping on one of those floating stores (complete with everything from butcher shop to drugs) which drop around at regular intervals.

In the meantime, with life made almost unbelievably simple and uncomplicated for a space, one can at long last enjoy the real fruits of leisure—the books one never had time to read, the thoughts one never had time to think, the relaxation of body and mind that renews both for further effort.

Swiss Swish

Switzerland, that little oasis of easy peace, keeps her powder dry and a wary eye on the neighboring Dead End kids—and prepares for the day when the world again has money in its pocket for dresses instead of dreadnoughts, textiles instead of tanks. A few weeks ago this little country organized a National Style Show which was held in Zurich before packed houses. It is her way of serving notice that she is a candidate for fame on something more

than the basis of watches, yodellers and spectacular mountain scenery.

The show included all sorts of clothes from those in the "high fashion" brackets to those adapted to more moderate incomes. Much charm and originality was displayed in the models stressing the famous St. Gall embroidery. For instance, an evening gown of water green chintz was trimmed with large cut-out motifs of white embroidery resembling heavy Venetian needlepoint. Another delectable model, called "Spinnet," was made of cut-out embroidery on pale gray muslin trimmed with a wide border design of black velvet around the bottom of the full skirt.

Perhaps—who knows?—the post-war mark of distinction on a Swiss frock may imply all the exclusiveness of the pre-war dress that bore a "Made-in-France" label.

Dept. of Wear and Tear

At a time when the conservation of clothing and household utensils was never more important, the Toronto Better Business Bureau is bringing out a series of educational pamphlets which, if studied by those (you, dear!) in charge of one of the country's most important businesses—housekeeping—will result in the lessening of wear and tear on materials. Not least of the series' attractions is the fact that it paints the ways and means of bolstering the poor old budget which is taking a fearful battering on all quarters.

Months of research have gone into the painstaking preparation of these comprehensive pamphlets and they are being issued by the Toronto Better Business Bureau in co-operation with the Dominion Government. The first booklet—dealing with linens—is just off the press. Because of the cost of wartime printing and paper supplies, one copy only is available to each reader but this will be forwarded without charge upon request when this is accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope at the Tor-

onto Better Business Bureau offices. Subsequent booklets will deal separately and exhaustively with cotton fabrics, rayon and nylon, woven wool fabrics, men's suits, hosiery, gloves, knitted articles, moth damage, careful shopping, furs, rugs, shoes, silks, refrigerators, leather goods, window shades, and cutlery.

The preparation and distribution of this valuable series of conservation booklets forms one effort of the Toronto Better Business Bureau in the current Canada-wide war against waste. "Care adds to wear," says Arthur R. Haskell, general manager of the Bureau, "and at a time when salvage saving is particularly pronounced, it is evident that informed shopping, keen budgeting and energetic home management are daily demanded if the women of Canada are to maintain even the simplest needs of every day living in the Canadian way."



Linda Darnell wears this ultra-sophisticated summer evening dress of white jersey. The bare midriff, cool to the wearer but startling to the beholder, is a style borrowed from the swim suits of former seasons. The top, fashioned like a brassiere, is attached to the back of the skirt.

SALADA



A cup of Tea you'll enjoy

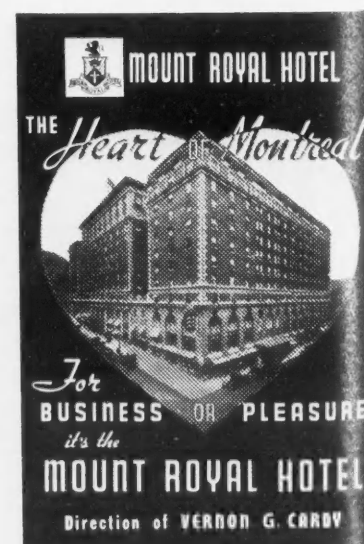


Daisies do tell when they form as effective a design as they do in this printed summer frock. White embroidered daisies appliqued over tucked white organdy over the top of the shoulders provide a dainty accent.



... and there'll always be England's world-famous Peek Frean Biscuits, even though present difficulties may mean that you can't always get these incomparable biscuits from our dealers here. When you can't get them please be patient. The whole, wide delicious range will be stocked here as soon as possible.

Peek Frean
BISCUITS
from LONDON, ENGLAND



Oriental Cream
GOURAUD

The cream to use before the evening dance. No rubbing off—no touching up. A trial will convince.

White Flesh, Rachel, Sun Tan



WORLD OF WOMEN

Farewell to Ottawa!

BY RICA McLEAN FARQUHARSON

DO YOU know our Capital?

I thought I did. An Irish great-grandfather had come with his regiment to the Ottawa Valley after the Battle of Waterloo. As a child, I had often been taken to Ottawa to visit as many of his descendants as could be managed without mutual exhaustion.

An earnest, elderly cousin escorted me, while young, to the House of Commons. My strongest memory was of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, speaking eloquently, plumed head and transparent hand held high.

This is to explain that I was no stranger to Ottawa and Ottawa shouldn't have been a stranger to me when my husband's work took us there to live soon after war was declared.

Coming from Toronto I decided, pretty promptly, that I didn't like Ottawa. It was a beautiful city what there was of it—but there wasn't enough of it. The women leaned to the more uninteresting in felt hats. The salespeople had a way of doing business without exchanging a word. What you were didn't matter but what your husband earned a year and his official title were ludicrously important. The pace was definitely snail.

These were snap impressions. When I left recently women wore

no hats, service caps or, throwing caution aside, decided they could wear fripperies and still be ladies—or else I'd become conditioned. As a matter of fact, I wore an Ottawa felt hat home.

The stranglehold of protocol still grips Ottawa as is inevitable and perhaps necessary in a Government city but what women are in themselves matters much more than it used to. It is a fact though that some of the men who are contributing most to winning the war have wives who are doing the same.

As for salespeople, it took me a day to say farewell to those I'd become intimate with through a very limited amount of buying. At that, I didn't get around to my favorite buyer who was wooed to an Ottawa department store from Toronto two years ago.

A shopping spree in the Capital may be made out of hair nets, anything to eat and a boy's suit. Add a blouse. The buying trip assumes the proportions of a transcontinental tour. An Ottawa girl told me the pre-war technique of shopping was to ask: "Is it new?" If the saleswoman was rash enough or uninitiated enough to reply "Oh yes!" one shuddered slightly and murmured: "I'm not interested."

This is changing. Blackout years call for new styles.

Four times a day the parade of the civil servants used to block the streets of Ottawa. The main march still is at five o'clock but staggered hours, influx of war workers on long shifts, men in the services, has changed the picture. A national, even cosmopolitan, air pervades the streets at all times—but it's still exhilarating to see so many people able to get to work each morning on nothing but their own feet.

The Genial Police

The New Lord Elgin Hotel, the many new restaurants and the miles of white temporary buildings housing workers in the scores of new war departments have changed the aspect of downtown Ottawa. The traffic police, however, still greet genially their many friends. Someone protested lately that they held up traffic. The defence was that

you can't ignore people you've known all your life.

First, I didn't like Ottawa. Then, I learned to tolerate her. Soon, I loved her. I watched her, in those early days of the war. Typically Canadian, reserved, conventional, shy from her peacetime adolescence. Then, reaching out, with uncertain but willing fingers, until she has become skilful and mature in directing the tireless, relentless war machine; proud Capital of only twelve million people although her works are sometimes measured as if she had a hundred million.

"Farewell to Ottawa!" Many pictures are with me. The thrill of great events; Churchill's arrival—massive shoulders, big cigar, huge black muffler, enormous head rolled into our vision as the train backed into the station; his press conference at Rideau Hall, his speech in the House of Commons, intimate glimpses of him about the city; his departure when a little group of us waved farewell from the station platform. The thrill of great events I shall miss.

Wise Colonel By

Away from Ottawa, I shall miss too the joy of little things; like our family picnics. Ten minutes' drive from the centre of the city and we were on a beach; background isolated and majestic; husband, son and I ready to toast weiners and buns and get daddy back to work in an hour.

The waterways of Ottawa are great veins of beauty through the city; with incredibly lovely trees, flowers and grassy banks. One might say:

"A wise old guy was Colonel By" who built the canal between 1826 and 1832 and decided that a depth of five feet of water on the sills would be sufficient. It is until this day. Canoeing in summer; skating and skiing in winter, Canadian youth dots the canal in glorious color.

In winter, I shall miss the hundreds of skiers who passed our windows each Sunday on their way to "the farm"—and, sometimes, the ski-troops, swooping, in white costumes; weaving in and out between the trees.

This spring we didn't have our trip to the Holy Ghost sugar bush where, last year, brothers of the church stirred big vats of syrup from which they poured us foaming cups to sip and then empty the rest for taffy on the snow.

Now no shopping at market where French and English tongues blend harmoniously topped by chimes from the nearby church. No small boys, waggons lined up, will beg in eager French to "transfer" for those who have bought too much in enthusiasm over brightness of flowers and vegetables.

I shall miss the logs in the rivers with their floating houses. I shall miss the logs in the mills—for the sight and smell of lumber is a most satisfying thing about Canadian life. I shall miss, gladly, the smell of sulphur which permeates everything when the breeze blows unkindly.

I shall miss the Senate Chamber with its rich crimson background and the murals of the last war when crimson Canadian blood was shed before. In this room, I shall remember having watched Princess Alice, granddaughter of Queen Victoria who chose Ottawa as Canada's Capital, beside her tall husband, the Earl of Athlone, taking the oath of office as Governor-General of Canada.

More, I shall miss the House of Commons where I spent so many hours; sitting sometimes with wives of Conservative members in the gallery facing their husbands, sometimes with wives of Liberal members on the other side; often, behind the press gallery; sometimes, to be perverse, with the little old lady in

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the gallery at the end when I strained my ears to hear her views formed from attending sessions of Canadian Parliament for fifty years.

In the House

I shall miss the soft voice of Speaker Glen with his "Carried," "Adopted," the nimble-footed page boys, the sergeant at arms, the surprisingly youthful fair head of the minister of finance, the slight tapping of two fingers sometimes indicating that the Prime Minister is not feeling as calm as he looks; the questioning of the leader of the opposition; the even-paced speeches of the C.C.F. leader—all the others helping to write history.

Greatly will be missed the Parliamentary restaurant with its club-like atmosphere—senators, cabinet ministers, newspapermen, visitors, forever talking about Canada, Great Britain, the democracies about the war!

I'll miss the courtly men at the Senate door—the three I know the best, the Irishman, the Scotsman, the Frenchman, but Canadians all.

I'll miss the Chateau Laurier where the world goes by in twenty

minutes in the foyer where one is forever seeing the folks from home and the folks the home folks read about. I'll miss seeing the dollar-a-year men and the big butter-and-egg men, and the men who have an idea to sell, and the men who want contracts, and the men who've got contracts; the men who know somebody who knows somebody who has a friend who is a big shot, and the men who've got the inside dope, and the men who think you have it.

I'll miss the band and the dancing couples in the Grill; the ministers' secretaries and secretaries' secretaries and members of the legations and all the others and the lads in many uniforms, so magnificently young with their lovely partners, often too in uniform.

I'll miss the frequent glimpses of the Princess Juliana in casual clothes—being the natural person she wants to be—shopping, going to movies, supper dances, the Little Theatre, which I'll greatly miss.

Many, many more things I'll have a nostalgia for now that I know Ottawa but most of all for those super-observers of the Capital's scene—the members of the Ottawa Press Gallery.

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MADE IN CANADA

THE Promenade Symphony concerts at Varsity Arena have so far this season made a most admirable showing in the presentation of unfamiliar works. In that respect Dr. Kindler's programs were notable; and André Kostelanetz in his subsequent brace of concerts has been equally enterprising. Jerome Kern's "Portrait for Orchestra" (Mark Twain), heard last week, and "A Lincoln Portrait" by Aaron Copeland, announced for this week, are undoubtedly unique achievements. At present one can write only of the first named work.

Music-lovers were familiar with the refined rhythmic intuitions of the conductor before they had an opportunity to see him "in person" at a War Loan broadcast in Massey Hall last spring. The Promenade concert last week, which drew 7,600 people, afforded him a more effective means of showing his individuality. Short, scholarly and rotund, he has the unpurchasable gift of personal magnetism. It was obvious that he was a master of orchestral technique and the knack of obtaining a fine edge of expression from the instrumentalists under him. He proved this in a delicate, expressive rendering of Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" music, and in the finest of Tchaikovsky's emotional works, the "Romeo and Juliet". The rendering of the tragic significance of the latter was not so profound as



Eleanor Steber, Metropolitan Opera Soprano, who will be guest soloist at the Promenade Symphony Concert in Varsity Arena, Toronto, June 4.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Mark Twain Typified in Tone

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

it might have been, but it was admirable in delineation of the general structure.

The interest of the program centred around Jerome Kern's "Mark Twain". The composer is now 57 years old, and as a composer for the theatre has produced an immense volume of tuneful music, all of it refined, infectious and scholarly, as is natural in a Mozart devotee. To name but one of the many scores he penned before he had achieved permanent fame with "Show Boat", who will forget the charm of the dances in "Stepping Stones" as interpreted by Fred Stone and his daughters? Only of late years has it been realized that some of his melodies will live as those of Stephen Foster have lived. A century hence I am sure baritones will still be singing "Old Man River".

Kern has never been a mere Tin Pan Alley tinkler. Son of a successful merchant of Newark, N.J., he had teachers who were among the best in Europe and America. At one time he collaborated with the Hungarian composer Emmerich Kalmann of Budapest. When he settled down to work for New York theatrical managers his early labors were of a kind the public knew little about. It was the heyday of English musical comedy. In London, the chief supporters of institutions like the Gaiety Theatre habitually arrived late, and producers reserved all the best songs and episodes for the latter part of the show. This would not do for New York and it was Kern's task to revamp English scores and make them lively from the start. From the time his name began to appear on scores of his own, I personally found his music fresher in inspiration, and more felicitously developed orchestrally, than that of the reigning favorite, Victor Herbert.

Making an opera of Edna Ferber's "Show Boat" was his own idea. The background fascinated him because his favorite American book was Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi". (Kern it may be said is a famous bibliophile, who invests immense sums in rare editions.) "Show Boat" gave him a chance to do something he had always wanted to do, present the colorful life of the Mississippi in music. The same urge lay back of his orchestral "Portrait" of Mark Twain. The first movement is a tone picture of Hannibal, Missouri, drowsing in the sun, roused to life by the arrival of the river steamer. The second movement is directly inspired by Mark Twain's narrative of his apprenticeship as a river pilot. The third movement typifies the author's Nevada experiences described in "Roughing It". The Finale, "Mark in Eruption", typifies the nostalgia for the river

which remained even after the humorist had become a world figure.

Among United States composers of late years there has been a widespread enthusiasm for American folk themes and atmosphere. Listening to Mr. Kern's racy, pungent and melodious tone-poem it struck me that none had been so successful in this field as he. The idea of musical portraiture is of course not new. Elgar in the "Enigma" Variations, showed over forty years ago how felicitously it could be presented. Virgil Thompson, bubbling over with ideas for taking music out of traditional ruts, tried his hand at it as early as 1928. His "Mayor La Guardia Waltzes" which followed Mr. Kern's more elaborate work are not only fresh and tuneful in themselves, but suggest the extraordinarily volatile personality they typify.

Lucille Manners

The lyric soprano Lucille Manners has made several appearances in Toronto in the past two seasons, one of them an interesting impersonation of Marguerite in "Faust". What one likes best about her is the even beauty with which she handles a not very remarkable but sweet emotional voice. Her intelligence reveals itself in perfect enunciation and tasteful phrasing. With Gwendolyn Williams, a most gifted and satisfying accompanist, she gave new life to Mrs. Beach's old time favorite "Ah Love but a Day" and nothing could have been happier than her rippling tones in "My Johann" by Grieg.

Records

BY JOHN WATSON

BACH—Prelude in C Minor. Edouard Commette playing the Organ of the Cathedral of Saint-Jean, Lyon. Columbia—C15612, 2 sides.

I USUALLY approach organ recordings with considerable misgivings, but in this case I came to scoff and stayed to praise. Columbia has done the impossible by producing an organ pressing which is worthy of the performer and his instrument. I advise collectors to be on the lookout for recordings made in Saint-Jean for I suspect that the architect, Nostradamus-like, had Mr. Edison's invention in mind when he planned the acoustics of that imposing building. This is serene and beautiful music and Mr. Commette is an artist of the highest order.

PUCCINI Che Gelida la Manina (Bohème); MEYERBEER O Paradiso (L'Africana); Nino Martini (tenor). Columbia—C15609, 2 sides.

MR. MARTINI'S voice, without the benefit of his attractive personality, leaves much to be desired. Not in the same street with the Jussi Bjoerling pressing of a few years ago.

BACH—Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, Leopold Stokowski and the All-American Orch. Columbia—J81, 3 sides.

MR. S. and his frenzied youths set out to see how fast they can play without getting mixed up. The result will be pretty offensive to anyone old-fashioned enough to think that the composer's obvious intentions are inviolable. On the whole, Stokowski's attempts to bring great music to the "peepul" are scarcely more praiseworthy than the caricatures of the jazz-band arrangers. As I've pointed out before, these young musicians play extraordinarily well; it is a pity that their honest efforts

should be misdirected. The recording, unfortunately, is no better than the reading. (Like many an innocent victim of the movies, I shall never again hear the Toccata and Fugue without being reminded of the absurd Disney *Fantasia*. The wedding of Bach and Mickey Mouse has born some bitter fruit.)

BRAHMS—Symphony No. 2 in D Major. Felix Weingartner and the London Philharmonic. Columbia—D107, 10 sides.

NOT all critics are sardonic bogey-men. Take myself for example. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to lavish unstinted praise on some work of art which happens to take my fancy. Now, this particular album has aroused all my kindest instincts. I feel a lively affection for Johannes Brahms, Felix Weingartner and Columbia's English studios, for these three remarkable institutions have produced one of the most palatable treats on this season's musical menu. Next to a set of retreaded tires, I can think of nothing I would sooner possess.

GOUNOD—Je Veux Vivre dans ce Reve;

MASSNET—Obeissons Quand Leur Voix Appelle; Bidu Sayao (soprano). Columbia—C10101 2 10" sides

THE Brazilian Nightingale romps through these pleasant trifles with effortless grace. Accompaniment is provided by the Met's Erich Leinsdorf.

GREGOR PIATIGORSKY A Group of Cello Solos. Columbia, 6 10-inch sides.

THE massive Russian draws some pretty thrilling sounds from his instrument and Columbia's microphones have picked them up with admirable fidelity. Noteworthy contributions are Debussy's *Romance*, Ravel's *Piece en forme de Habanera* and *Musques*, from *Romeo and Juliet*, by Prokofiev. Four stars for this one!

SCHUBERT—Quintet in C Major. Budapest String Quartet with B. Heifetz Cello.

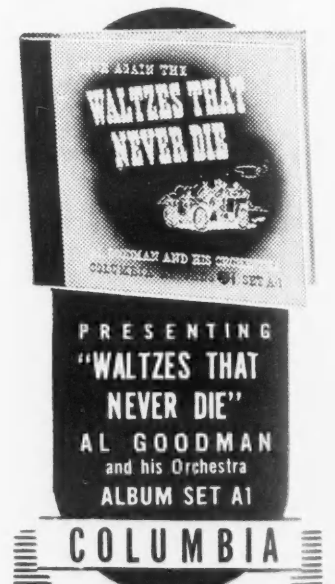
Columbia—D111, 12 sides.

THIS is an expensive proposition for any but the most rabid chamber-music fan, yet I can think of few compositions which are more likely to create enthusiasm for string music than the Schubert C Major Quintet. Rarely have the resources of stringed instruments been so



Edwin McArthur, Guest Conductor at the Promenade Symphony Concert in Varsity Arena, Toronto, June 4.

deftly explored; never have the threads of melody been woven into so luminous a pattern. The Budapest Quartet is one of the few existing string groups who possess both the musical intellect and the athletic prowess to do justice to such a colossal work. One shudders to think of the result of such an undertaking in the hands of less competent artists. The recording is a trifle uneven in the first two records but the imperfections are not serious enough to detract materially from the general excellence of the pressing.



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Experiment in Community Education

BY D. W. BUCHANAN

Canada's Film Board is sending films to communities in remote Canada which have never seen a sound film before. They are sent to farming areas only. They exhibit Canada's war effort, her history and her problems. They draw an audience of 1,500 for each film.

HOW to bring the full story of Canada at war to isolated rural areas, to arouse them to an understanding of the meaning of the conflict, has been a problem which began seriously to concern the government as early as 1940. The large farming settlements of German and Ukrainian origin in Western Canada needed above all to be reached. Many Anglo-Saxon districts were out of touch too and much of rural Quebec was not in continuous contact with national sources of information.

By happy choice the motion picture was hit upon as the most likely medium of assistance. As the problem loomed larger last autumn, an experiment was begun jointly by the National Film Board and the Office of Public Information in bringing films about all aspects of the war to farming audiences. The project began in January, 1942, and already by April, forty travelling theatres using 16 mm. portable projectors were in operation from Comox, on Vancouver Island, to the southern tip of Nova Scotia.

The Canadian Council of Education for Citizenship co-operated from the start, and in addition eight provincial Departments of Education and seven University Departments of Extension gave generous help.

The films are distributed on circuits, each one of which reaches approximately twenty communities. There are afternoon showings for children and evening ones for adults. Community participation has proved encouraging; already locally sponsored talks and forum discussions are being presented at the same time as the films.

The capable and hardworking projectionists who have been hired for the job have to be on the go continuously. They serve remote districts by train, by automobile, and sometimes during snow storms, by sleigh. Where electric power is not available, portable generating units are used.

Canadian films produced by the Film Board, along with a few items from Australia and Great Britain, make up the programs. The theme of the opening presentation in January was "Peoples of Canada." There then followed programs about the

Commonwealth Air Training Plan, and Canadian armament production. In April, several films about the Navy and a new educational picture about the Mackenzie River district of the Canadian sub-Arctic were shown. A special teaching film is also added each month for schools.

In general, the circuits have been restricted entirely to farming areas. Only here and there are villages or towns of as many as one thousand inhabitants included. The films therefore go to regions which do not usually see motion pictures, in fact one report from the Lac St. Jean district in Quebec states that over ninety per cent of the audience had never heard or seen a sound film before.

As far as initial organization was concerned, in each community served, a committee was formed in advance to arrange for a hall, to conduct publicity, and, in conjunction with the Canadian Council of Education for Citizenship, to choose a speaker to give a few remarks.

The original plan for the circuits was that thirty of them should be organized by January, 1942. This ambition was not only accomplished by the date set, but in addition by February an extra four circuits were in operation. Now by April the number has increased to forty-three, with every possibility of further growth.

The travelling theatres are distributed as follows:

British Columbia 3, Alberta 7, Saskatchewan 10, Manitoba 4, Ontario 5, Quebec 7, New Brunswick 4, Prince Edward Island 1, Nova Scotia 2.

The average attendance in February was over 1500 a week on each circuit.

In Alberta, especially fine progress has been made with the help of the Department of Extension of the provincial University. There, several supplementary circuits are being

operated by farm organizations such as the United Grain Growers. Also in Saskatchewan and Manitoba the Wheat Pools are maintaining similar travelling theatres under this scheme.

In Ontario, assistance in organizing community participation has been undertaken by three co-operating groups—the Department of Extension of Queen's University, the Community Life Training Institute of Barrie, and the Educational Division of the United Farmers of Ontario.

Most of the circuits in the province of Quebec show French language

films, and here the Quebec government has provided the services of itinerant lecturers who accompany the films on their rounds. On the average, the audiences are much larger in Quebec than elsewhere.

In Western Canada, communities of "New Canadian" settlers, of Ukrainian, Scandinavian, German, and Polish origin, are reached. Here the response has been particularly worth while. A school principal from Angusville, Manitoba, writes:

"Many of the people of this district, being but slightly conversant with the English language, are not readily reached through the medium of the spoken or printed word; but in the case of visual presentation the appeal is instantaneous and the effect more positive. Thus these films are advantageous in influencing the attitude to the war, in educating, and in provoking thought along lines not ordinarily pursued."

FILM PARADE

The Spies Are Everywhere

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

THE sound you've been hearing is just enemy spies and saboteurs flapping their wings helplessly against the screen. They are everywhere this week, and getting nowhere, thanks to Leslie Howard, Bob Hope, Madeleine Carroll, Robert Young and Abbott and Costello. What's all the worrying about?

"My Favorite Blonde" is the most entertaining of the lot, with a funny script, some lively comedy by Madeleine Carroll, and the usual brassily modest performance by Bob Hope. Because the War Office likes to do things the hard way the secret plans are concealed in a lapel pin this time and Miss Carroll has to deliver them personally, travelling hop skip and jump across the continent. The resourceful girl soon picks up Bob Hope and a penguin dressed in a little striped pajama suit, and under this gaudy protection she eventually reaches Los Angeles and saves the military situation; though not, you may be sure, until after the country has had almost as narrow a squeak as Dunkirk. It's silly but bright, and it manages to fool you quite a lot of the time.

"Mister V" wouldn't fool anyone, not even the Nazi Gestapo, if that body were as fantastically guileless as it is represented here. There is something vaguely irritating about this "Mister V". You have the feeling that Producer-Director-Actor Leslie Howard had just rigged it together in his odd moments, quite casually, without any preliminary spitting on his hands. If Mr. Howard had gone to that vulgar trouble he might have given the piece more energy and polish, and eliminated a certain air of wan foolishness that clings to both the story and the central character.

HIS Mister V here is the same character, with variations, as he played in "Forty-Ninth Parallel." That is, he is bookish, imperturbable, and "slightly mad," in a cultivated way. He coddles a pipe and quotes from Alice in Wonderland, and he looks, with his aloof fragility, as though any tough meaty individual could push him about at will; till the tough aggressor tries it, when he is suddenly all steel and resource. The trouble is that while to Mr. Howard's way of thinking this character is undoubtedly the typical Englishman, he turns (through Mr. Howard's way of acting) into the stage Englishman, all manners and mannerisms. It's a smooth presentation, but it was worn smooth, long ago, by Mr. George Arliss.

The story has to do with a professor of archaeology who goes to Germany in 1939, ostensibly to excavate for traces of Aryan culture, but

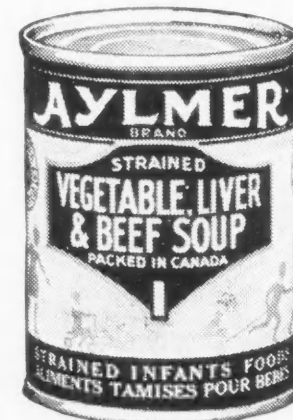
actually to whisk eminent scientists out of the country, right under the nose of the Gestapo. He attends high Nazi functions, where he pokes scholarly fun at the exasperated Gestapo head. In an American disguise that makes him look remarkably like Groucho Marx, he breezes through a heavily guarded concentration camp and bags three eminent scientists at once, leaving the enemy scratching their bewildered teutonic heads. It's all a little too airily, ridiculously easy to be taken seriously, either as propaganda or as entertainment, though it works hard at both.

"JOE Smith, American" is at once solidier and slicker than "Mister V." It's solidier because Robert Young, in spite of his Hollywood good looks, presents a tough-spirited run-of-the-mill American working man. And it's slicker just because Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films as a rule are made that way. The narrative is tight and succinct, with no

vague laborious expositions, and the everyday dialogue has sharpness and flavor. As the story of how an American aeroplane factory worker saves America's precious bomb-sight from enemy agents it has its implausible moments, but it's fast enough and grim enough to make these seem unimportant.

SPIES have been added, for topicality, to "Rio Rita," the Florenz Ziegfeld success of 1927; and in the almost total absence of plot these mill about rather aimlessly and tangle with Abbott and Costello.

As for Abbott and Costello themselves, it seems to be time for some great humanitarian movement to rise and sweep them into a rest-home, far from screen, radio, gag and idea men. Or maybe it's just the gag and idea men who ought to be hospitalized. The pair have one funny chase sequence in "Rio Rita," and there is an ingenious bit in which Lou Costello converses with a dog who has swallowed a radio. Apart from this, very little has been thought up that is worthy of the Costello talents. If something isn't done quick the goose may stop laying golden eggs and begin to lay just eggs.



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THE LONDON LETTER

The New Battle Schools--With Live Rounds!

BY P. O'D.

THE new kind of war requires the new kind of army. And the new kind of army requires the new kind of training. Well, by all accounts they are getting it in the new kind of battle-drill school that is being set up all over the country. Nothing could be farther from Aldershot and the dear old barrack-square.

A soldier friend of mine, who happens at the present time to be a military correspondent, had an opportunity recently of visiting one of these "battle schools" during an exercise. He is a retired officer of some 25 years' professional service, but he said he had never seen anything so realistic in the way of training.

"You know the way those sham battles are usually conducted," he said. "Believe me, this was nothing like that. Everything was done at the double or faster, and everybody was in deadly earnest. If they had been trying to round up a newly arrived army of parachutists, they couldn't have been more serious about it. But the most amazing thing of all was the way they took cover, when they had to. When those fellows crawled, they really crawled, flat on their stomachs, and not with their hands sticking up like an umbrella. And every now and then they would jump up and dash in on the enemy's positions with the bayonet or the tommy-gun in a way to make you hold your breath. Even the stretcher-bearers carrying away the wounded—I had

never seen anything like it outside actual warfare."

Suddenly my friend realized why everything was so amazingly like the real thing. Except that every one taking part was British, it was the real thing! The shots that were being let off all over the place were not blanks, but "live." The fellows who made those beautiful flat dives into the mud, did so because they had real bullets singing around their ears. Even the booby-traps in the places they captured were real booby-traps, to be treated with the utmost caution and respect. And the wounded were really wounded—a few of them quite seriously. It is the inevitable price for this sort of realism.

I thought—as perhaps the reader does, too—that this seemed a rather high price to pay merely to give an extra realism to what was, after all, only a tactical exercise. But my friend explained the true value and meaning of this sort of training. It is made necessary by the changed conditions of modern warfare.

In the last war, he pointed out, it was possible to break a new regiment in slowly to the actual conditions of battle. It would first be put in a quiet area, and then gradually brought up to the fighting front, as its experience and training justified it. This was possible because the front was more or less static.

In this war there are no such intervals, and no such opportunities for learning gradually what real warfare is like. The front may be anywhere, and a regiment may be plunged suddenly into the full tide of battle. Indeed it is very likely to be. Hence the "battle schools."

"They may mean a few casualties now," said my friend, "even a few fatal ones. But the training they give will probably save a great many lives when the real test comes. The fellows

who go through them should certainly know how to fight. They should also know what real fighting is like. Blowed if I don't believe I would rather go through a real battle myself!"

I had a feeling that some of the recruits might even find that real warfare was in the nature of an anticlimax. But that naturally is a very heartening discovery to make. Nice to know that you have been through the worst of it!

Flare-Up

It is pleasant to think of all the various officials engaged in the direction of the national effort as just one big happy family—pleasant but not quite accurate. One of the most discouraging things about human nature is its persistence. It will keep breaking in. Hence such surprising flare-ups as the recent one between the Home Secretary and Sir Warren Fisher.

The Home Secretary is, of course, Mr. Herbert Morrison—"Our 'Erb'"—and Sir Warren Fisher is, or rather was, the Special Commissioner for the London Civil Defence Region. Previously, he was for some twenty years the Permanent Secretary of the Treasury. As it is really the Permanent Secretaries who run these great Government Departments, obviously a very important person. Everyone thinks so—including Sir Warren, it seems—which makes it unanimous.

The trouble began when a Regional Fire Officer up north permitted a local football team of firemen to use a departmental truck to go all the way from Bolton to Dumfries for a match. In these days of the official saving of petrol! Mr. Morrison promptly fired the Fire Officer, a Colonel Blatherwick with a distinguished military record, and apparently a friend of Sir Warren's. Thereupon Sir Warren wrote an extremely acid letter to *The Manchester Guardian* to say that this sort of thing was pure Prussianism, and what are we fighting the war against, anyway?

"Our 'Erb' is not the man to accept such a reproof from a subordinate in a spirit of Christian humility. Turning the other cheek has never been a speciality of his. There was a further brief and bristling exchange of letters, and once again the official axe fell. The London Civil Defence Region suddenly found itself without a head—very much to the indignant surprise of the eminent Sir Warren himself. But what did he really expect?

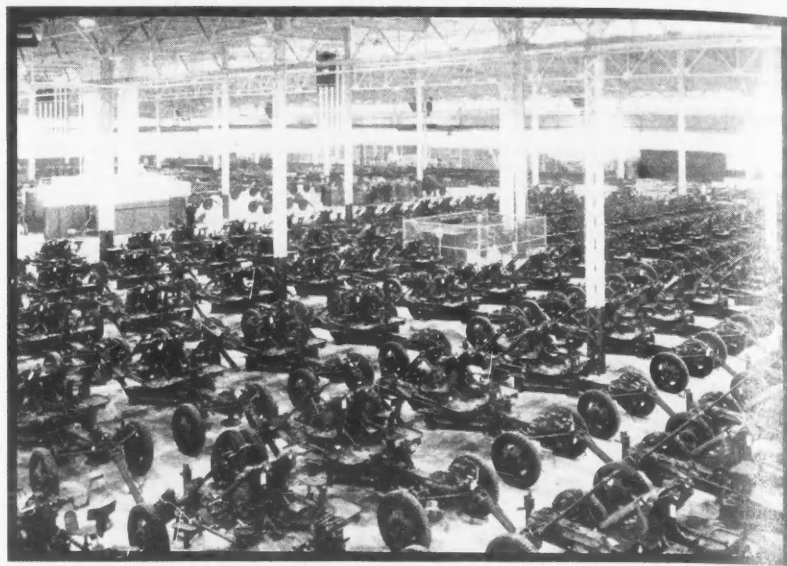
There the matter rests for the present, but only for the present. It is all to be thrashed out in the House, when Parliament reassembles—which seems a sad waste of time in the midst of a war. Besides, no one can have much doubt as to what the result will be.

There is a general feeling that Sir Warren really asked for what he got. And how about the grand old traditions of the Civil Service, where dirty linen is supposed to be washed so discreetly in private? Can it be that those austere dignitaries are nearly as human as the rest of us, and that sometimes under those high white collars necks grow exceedingly hot? One hates to believe it, but there you are!

Mrs. Dod Procter, R.A.

It is interesting to note that among the newly elected members of the Royal Academy is Mrs. Dod Procter. She has been an associate member since 1934. Her husband, the late Ernest Procter, was also an A.R.A. The only other woman R.A. is Dame Laura Knight. There have been only four in all the long history of the Royal Academy.

When the Royal Academy was founded back in 1769, there were two women painters among the original Academicians, Angelica Kauffmann and Mary Moser. The name of Angelica Kauffmann Swiss, incidentally, and not German is familiar the world over. Her portraits are treas-



Some idea of the speed of U.S. industry in making itself over for war can be had from the fact that this huge two-story plant, occupying ten acres of floor space, was entirely built and equipped and ready for production inside of fifty days. The plant belongs to the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company and is making these anti-aircraft gun carriages.

ured in the museums of many lands. Her mural decorations are still sought out and admired. But who Mary Moser was, or what she painted, I have no idea. Popular fame is mute on the subject, though it is clear that she was good enough for Sir Joshua Reynolds to think her worthy of admission to the new Academy. Fame is full of such injustices.

For a good many years now Mrs. Procter has been recognized as one of the most distinguished of English painters without regard to sex. Her picture "Morning" was bought for the nation in 1927. But that did not prevent the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy from rejecting her full-length nude, "Virginal," in 1929, thereby causing the art-critics of the country to rise up in righteous wrath.

Neither did it prevent the Committee from hanging another of her pictures upside-down, and trying to justify themselves on the ground that it looked rather better that way. But now all these storms have been weathered and forgotten. She has sailed safely into port, with the flags flying and the crowd cheering. Mrs. Dod Procter, R.A. what could be nicer than that?

Naughty Man

Just now the Isle of Man is under a big black cloud. It may soon be even under a ban. The famous Tynwald Court—a picturesque survival from the ancient days when courts were held in the open air—has refused to ratify the National Service Act, which conscripts women between the ages of 20 and 30, and men between 41 and 50.

Instead, an amendment was carried to the effect that men should be conscripted only for the Home Guard and Civil Defence, and women only for service in the island. The Governor, Earl Granville, was very, very cross with them. He refused to assume any responsibility for the working of the proposed scheme, which he described as a "milk-and-water ersatz form of conscription."

"The shame be on your heads!" he concluded.

Now there is talk of dissolving the House of Keys—the lower chamber of the Manx Parliament—and leaving it to the inhabitants of the Isle to decide this very knotty problem (or shouldn't it be naughty?). There is also the threat of putting a ban on travel to the Isle of Man from this country, to prevent slackers

from slipping over there as a way of dodging their duty. Exit permits would become necessary, just as they already are for travel to Elbe for the very same reason.

All this is very regrettable and hard to understand, except perhaps as an explosion of Celtic localism and Manx dislike of being wagged by the rest of the dog. The Isle of Man is not very big—about the size of the Island of Montreal—and the population is hardly 50,000. But it is proud of its traditions and jealous of its privileges.

Manxmen may have accepted English protection back in 1290, but they lose no opportunity of reminding the larger partner that protection is not domination. They like to assert themselves, and do things in their own Manx way. Even the cats are uppish, and refuse to wear tails like the ordinary cats of the world.

Certainly there is nothing pro-German about the Isle of Man. Did not Manxmen decline to make peace with Germany after the last war, feeling no doubt that it was only a waste of time? Officially they have been at war ever since. So there is no occasion to worry very much about this latest little outburst of Celticism.

Heaven only knows what Dr. Goebbels will make of it!—probably the first step in the British revolution against Churchill and the Jewish warmongers but nothing much will come of it. Now that Manxmen have had the fun of asserting themselves, they will probably get on with the job like everyone else—as they always have.

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CONCERNING FOOD

"White Bread, Please"

BY JANET MARCH

FOR a long long time now there has been a campaign going on against white bread and white flour. The nutritionists have crept up on us when we were just sinking our teeth into a lovely hot doughy roll and said menacingly, "Do you know that all the good has been taken out of that flour?" We didn't know and we didn't care, which we probably should have, and we went right on eating our white rolls and white bread, but a certain feeling of guilt came over us and we were apt to keep looking over our shoulders to be sure no nutritionist was following. Lovers

of white rolls who had been quite normal psychologically began to show definite guilt complexes, and were heard to order brown rolls or bran muffins, which they hated, when they suspected one of the company of being a nutritionist.

There was another band of people who didn't give a darn about the nutritionists, but who ate in mortal fear of what their bathroom scales would tell them. Quite horrid tidings appeared on the dial the weeks they had indulged their full passion for white flour in all its forms. It mayn't nourish you but, oh, what it can do to the curves. Indeed the

putting back in the flour after years of taking it out, and the British got wise to this plan two years ago. Since 1940 all white flour exported to England has to have thiamine in it.

Another good thing about the bread made with Canada Approved flour is that it has a good taste. In these parts there are complaints when the baker runs out before he gets here, and we have to do with the old sort, complaints which are based purely on flavor and on no unseen qualities.

Not very many of us bake our own bread today so we will depend on

Sift the flour, baking powder, salt and cocoa together. Cream the butter, add the corn syrup and sugar, and cream thoroughly. Separate the yolks and whites of the eggs and add the yolks to the butter mixture, and then sift in the dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Add the vanilla and last fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Fill the cake pan not more than two thirds full and

bake in a moderate oven for about forty minutes.

Cake Frosting

Some of you may have been wondering about the iced cakes you still see in the cake shop windows, but be calm, they are probably all made with corn syrup. Here is the recipe for one.

- 1 cup of corn syrup
- 2 stiffly beaten egg whites
- 1 teaspoon of vanilla
- 1 teaspoon of vinegar

Cook the syrup and the vinegar until a drop forms a soft ball in cold water. Let stand for a minute, and then pour into the beaten egg whites, beating all the time. When the mixture will stand up in points add the vanilla and ice your cake.

There are two ways to make a donkey go...



THE old proverb says: with kicks or with carrots. It's the same principle with a lazy colon.

If yours is the common kind of constipation that's due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, there are two things you can do about it: you can goad your intestines into action with drugs, or persuade them into regularity with a bulk-rich food.

ALL-BRAN believes in the second method. It's a *sounder way* because this cereal corrects the *cause* of the trouble. It's a *better way* because ALL-BRAN works not so much on your colon, as on the food it contains. And we don't have to tell you it's more pleasant.

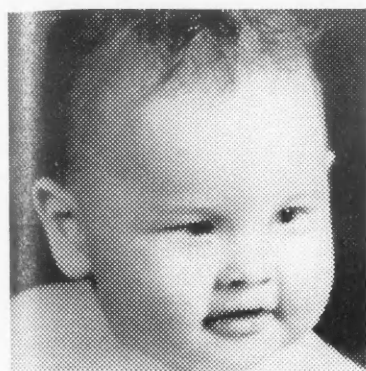
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curves showed a tendency to become the straight sides of a square.

Only the very young skinny, shiny eyed ones dared both the nutritionists and the scales and kept right on going without a qualm. A lot of us decided just to give up bread entirely, if everyone was so concerned about the sort we ate. Unusual lassitude crept over us, and the household task speed limit was cut as a result almost as drastically as the highway one. A white roll may be awful for your lines and your vitamin intake, but it certainly keeps you going.

Well, the new Canada Approved flour is still hard on your lines but when you take it in the B, bread the nutritionists beam. It has about five or six times as much vitamin B as has ordinary white bread. You'll remember that B, is the hard one to catch, and you need about 500 International Units a day to be right up on your toes. Thiamine is the name of the substance which we are now

the bakers to provide us, and use the flour in other ways in cooking. It is a general purpose flour, so that if your recipe calls for pastry flour you should use two tablespoons a cup less of the Canada Approved flour. All sorts of experiments have been made with it and it has proved to be perfectly satisfactory for cakes, pastry, cookies, biscuits, etc., and in white sauces and gravies.

Cakes and desserts are two of the things which a good many housekeepers have cut down on so that they may stay within the sugar ration, but now and then you must have a good cake and you can turn one out with very little sugar if you substitute corn syrup.

Orange Tea Biscuits

These are very good for afternoon tea and take hardly any sugar.

- 2 cups of flour
- 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 1 teaspoonful of salt
- 4 tablespoons of shortening
- 2 3 cup of milk
- 4 tablespoons of grated orange rind

Sift the dry ingredients together and cut in the shortening. Add enough milk to make a soft dough, turn out on a board and knead lightly for a few seconds. Then roll into a sheet about 3/4 of an inch thick and cut in rounds. In the centre of each biscuit make a hole and put in half a lump of sugar which has been soaked in orange juice. Bake in a hot oven, about 450° for about fifteen minutes, and serve hot.

Chocolate Cake

- 2 cups of flour
- 1/2 cup of butter
- 3/4 cup of corn syrup
- 1/2 cup of white sugar
- 1 teaspoon of salt
- 1/2 cup of cocoa
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup of milk
- 4 teaspoons of baking powder
- 1 teaspoon of vanilla

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THE DRESSING TABLE

How Old -- or How Young Are You?

ONE of the happier consequences of war is the new valuation being placed on the capabilities and capacities of those who are over-age. In pre-war years there was a dangerously increasing tendency in business and industry to relegate to the scrap heap all human material that had reached the ripe old age of forty or over. Today both business and industry are looking to those in this category to fill up the gaps in man and woman-power and, learning, somewhat to their astonishment that the teachers, professional people, mechanics, and factory workers who have been called from retirement, still can give valuable service. Today, in England especially and to an increasing extent in this country, it is not at all uncommon to find grandmothers putting in their stint

BY ISABEL MORGAN

at turning out the machines and implements of war. Only the other day we heard of a man who is a surprisingly youthful eighty-odd, who turned down the offer of two jobs.

True, it has been said that this is a young man's war. It requires the physical stamina of a young man to dive a plane toward an opponent at a rate of four or five hundred miles an hour. Planning war operations requires to a great extent the daring and imagination of the young. But behind the front line this war is giving every physically and mentally fit man and woman a part to play according to his or her capabilities, no matter what their ages.

What is age -- and when does one cross the dividing line between the

two? For a woman, according to popular fiction, it was that dreadful moment when she looked in her mirror and discovered The First Grey Hair -- when she was supposed to break into muffled sobs and, after she had pulled herself together, bid a mournful and final farewell to the passing of youth. The same school of fiction dealt with men by having them falling for the charms of That Blonde who typed his letters, and developing a sudden taste for race-track check suits and weird cravats.

The signs of age, we believe, are subtler than that.

Youth is a thing of flexibility -- mentally, physically and in the tones of the voice. Here are some things that may serve as a yardstick of your youthfulness whether you are on the shady side of thirty or the sunny side of eighty.

Does a new idea envisaging a change from the established order of things cause you to bristle mentally? Or is your first thought to examine its component parts with a mind

A WREN, a WAAF and an ATS show three phases of the "Liberty Cut" designed in London for women in the services. Points in its favor are ease of setting and shampooing, its hygienic qualities, and time-saving.

free of prejudice before rejecting or accepting it?

When you sit do you sag and spread like a half-filled bag of flour? (Only your mirror will answer this truthfully.)

Do you cling to very high heels, even though they cause you to teeter and take short uncertain steps, because you think they make you look younger? Or do you walk effortlessly?

How long is it since you last changed the way you do your hair? Do you call down the furies of heaven on your hairdresser when she takes things into her own hands and tries to do a remodelling job on your coiffure?

Are you cut to the quick when someone suggests you should wear glasses? and do you continue to peer nearsightedly and pass friends by because you haven't seen them? Or do you wear the right glasses for you set in gay, piquant frames?

Where are your interests -- mentally and conversationally? In the past or present?

Has your voice "middle-age sag"? Does it droop and tend to go down-

RADIOGRAM

THE crooners aggravate my blues, Reporters vilify the news, Announcers advertise by mike To drown out any tune I like, O lyric, lilting pipes of Pan, Why was I born a modern man!

GILLEAN DOUGLAS.

ward in the scale? (One way to check this for oneself is to speak with the hands cupping the ear. Better still, have a record made.)

Have you a well-worn routine in the doing of all the small things involved in your daily living? And does it irk you when something jolts you out of that routine?

Have you developed fussy little mannerisms of which you barely are conscious?

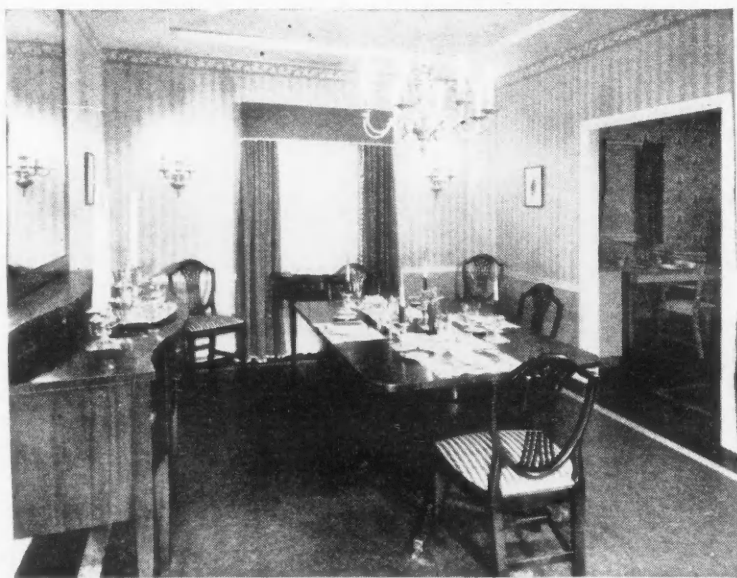
Do you find yourself with a well-filled stock of conversational clichés? Is it your private opinion that the younger generation is going to hell? -- or do you regard the young sprouts with amusement and some affection?

In your conversations with a sixteen year old, do you find that the talk proceeds on a basis of mutual understanding?

Do you speak constantly about your increasing age -- or do you try to conceal your age -- or do you forget about your age except when birthdays come around?



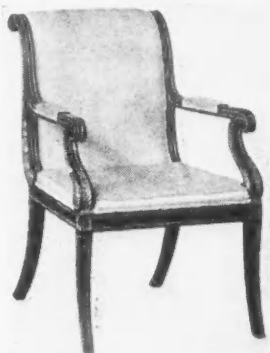
Her Majesty the Queen inspects the gems and jewels to be sold at Christie's on behalf of the Red Cross and St. John Fund. The Queen, Mrs. Winston Churchill and the Lord Mayor of London examine a pearl necklace.



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M409--SERVER

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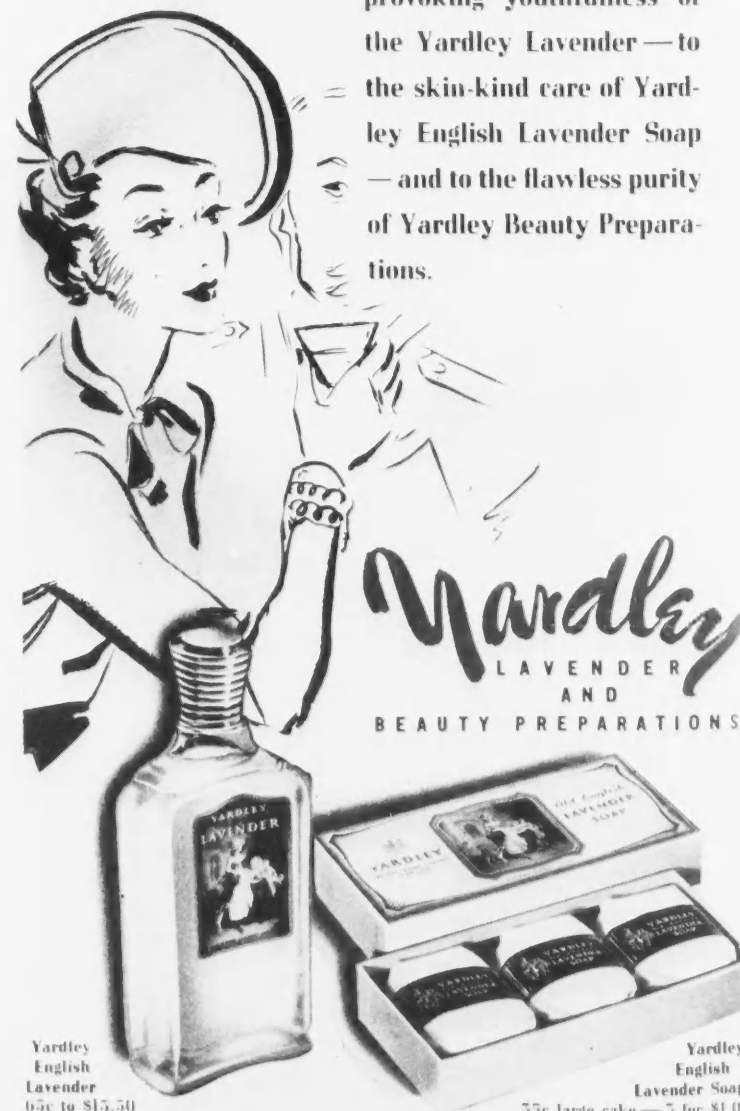
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Yardley English Lavender 65c to \$13.50

Yardley English Lavender Soap 55c large cake -- 5 for \$1.00

THE OTHER PAGE

Lights and Shadows of a Warden's Post

BY ROSAMOND BOULTBEE

NOW that Canadians are beginning to take some thought about their own protection in the event of air raids, some of the experiences of a Canadian who has served for nearly two years in an A.R.P. post in England may not be without interest. The problems of organization, of getting the task understood (by workers and public both), of acquiring the necessary authority and enlisting the public confidence, will be much the same wherever the job has to be done.

In my early days in the A.R.P. service I used to ask many questions of the Post Warden, which made me very unpopular with my fellow wardens. The asking of questions, they said, suggested ignorance. "Yes," I replied, "but how are we to know anything if we don't ask questions? There has never been such a service before. We've got to have some instructions to go on."

There were all sorts of notices to tell people what to do in an invasion, or if the gas mask didn't fit, or if the baby wouldn't keep his on, but the questions that people asked were unending; and at the end of each printed instruction there were always the words "If you don't know what to do, ask your local A.R.P. Warden."

It took me some time to realize that most of my fellow wardens were just as much in the dark as I was but preferred to find out the answers without showing their abysmal ignorance. The Post Warden did try to answer my queries, but there was such a running commentary from the Women Wardens, each telling me exactly the opposite to the others, that I was almost in despair. Eventually I went to the police station and asked to see somebody in authority. I was evidently a source of great surprise there. Though I wore my uniform I was looked at curiously and my identity card and other papers were examined. But I eventually got to the man I wanted.

It was cheering to find that he apparently did not think me silly. He asked me intelligent questions, and passed me on to Sergeant H., my former lecturer on gasses, who was now Chief Assistant to the Chief Warden. After that I did not have to ask any more questions at the post.

Now after nearly two years of being a warden, I feel like a hardy veteran. The service is now much better understood and much more respected. The wardens showed their worth during the severest blitzes. Some have been killed. Many have been decorated, even with the George Cross. But only those who have been through the training and subsequent duties can really know that the most important thing the wardens have to learn is patience, and the most important quality they acquire is that of being prepared for anything.

Posts must always be manned, yet unless there is an "incident," the only duty for anyone in charge is just to be there. It is not a romantic or picturesque service. But it is a useful one, and it means learning how to live with every kind of human being, and sharing each other's boredom

while respecting the necessity which causes it.

The head warden and senior warden of my post, the two full-time paid men, are never very far from the post. They never seem to bother about having done their seventy-two hours for the week; their thoughts are on duty all the time, and their persons are present most of the time. One is a builder, the other a second-hand furniture dealer. Neither has any trade left. They live in a sort of dim expectation that when the war is over their life-work will return to them, but they are not at all sure of it.

Of the three voluntary wardens one is a gardener, one a laundry engineer, and one a plumber. The gardener still has his job; his employer is away, but the big house has to be seen to and the garden kept in order. Every day at noon he takes duty for two hours at the post, and eats his little packet of lunch. Probably a couple of the others will slip in for a chat; it's a friendly little community.

The laundry man lives at the post. His family has been evacuated. Don't ask me where his things are. Familiar as I am with the place, I have yet to see signs of any other clothes or necessities than the warden's. There is a pile of bed-clothes and pillows banked up with some camp beds, but then in every post there are always some wardens and fire watchers who sleep on the premises.

And then the plumber. He had no work, and life was very anxious, but with the others I would find him sitting around the coke stove, exchanging wisdom and eating rations. Then he got a full-time fire watching job, and we were very glad. At first he found it difficult to keep awake all night. He would trickle into the post and tell me of his troubles. But that was several months ago, and now he only comes occasionally, and tells me always "I'm fine."

ONE night recently just after midnight the siren warned us of the Luftwaffe's approach. I turned on my light and tried to read, but the humming of machines made concentration difficult. For more than an hour they passed over us without dropping anything, but on their return we heard the thud of incendiaries, not so sharp a report as high explosives, though unpleasant enough. I went to the window to see what had happened, and the whole place seemed to be illuminated; the gorse on nearby hills had caught fire.

Then another supply was dropped very close to us. It was not in my sector, but I thought it looked too close to the house of the old ladies whom I have called the Aunties, and

I decided to go over to them. On the way I saw the top storey of a house very near theirs being dealt with by the fire services. "Why did that house get it worse than the others?" I asked. The answer was that the occupants were away, an incendiary had dropped through on to a bed, and so the fire got well started.

I reached the Aunties' front garden, and there was the remains of an incendiary bomb. The twin bags of sand which are kept at the front door of every house were lying right on top of it, and it was smouldering itself out. A little distance away, with her arms folded, viewing the scene with great interest, was the lady from upstairs. "Oh, I just got my coat on when I heard the crackling outside my window, and I put the two bags right on the bomb," she exclaimed. "I see you didn't empty the bags; that was quite right," I told her. "Yes, I remembered that," she continued, "and I don't think I'll ever be afraid again—it was so easy."

I went to see the Aunties. They were both fully dressed, hats and fur coats, although it was a warm spring night. They were ready for a sudden evacuation. As I looked at their dear

tired old faces I felt glad that I had become a warden. Though there was nothing for me to do this time, they knew that I was very near, and would come to them when they really needed me, so, like the little lady upstairs, they were not afraid any more.

A HIGH explosive bomb recently landed just at the entrance to the allotment gardens where the men of my A.R.P. post do their digging for victory. I had heard a good deal about how these allotments were getting along. The men were all very friendly to one another, yet there was plenty of evidence in their talk that each was keeping a jealous eye on the progress of the others, and that anything in the way of excessive bragging was resented. Community working has its advantages, but to have to hear too much about the magnificence of a fellow-worker's greens or broccoli is pretty hard to bear.

One of the allotment workers is the man who is employed by the Town Hall to keep the streets clean around that edifice. He always wears a smock and a bowler hat. When he is not cleaning he is digging. I heard from my fellow wardens that he seemed to have something on his

mind, and we are now confident that it was the success of his neighbor's onions.

The bomb fell on a Thursday night. On Friday as each man approached the allotment he read a large notice telling him of "Danger. Unexploded Time Bomb." The civic employee was more thoughtful than ever. One could almost see him reflecting what a magnificent chance this was to do some work on his pitch while nobody else dared to do any. However, he strayed away, like all the others. On Saturday every man of them went again to see if the sign had come down; but no, it was still there. Those who went a second time that day, however, saw one solitary figure working on his holding, contemptuous of danger notices. He wore a smock and a bowler hat. He hummed to himself as he went home late that evening. For hours he had had the place to himself.

On Sunday he was back again. This time he was not alone, but still only a few had dared to defy the dreadful notice. By five on Monday afternoon there was not an allotment left without its worker. It was a fortnight before the sign was removed, but it might have been a piece of blank paper. The man in the smock and bowler hat is an entirely different person from what he was before. Was he not the first man to go back to his allotment? Did he not have a whole day to himself before even the most daring of his fellow workers ventured to follow him? He does not now have to listen to anybody's advice about how to grow greenstuffs. He is the recognized authority.

at EATON'S Down Town Girl

There are thousands like her these days . . . stepping blithely off the elevator to a busy day at her desk, looking crisp and efficient as her filing cabinet. She wears a Summer suit, tailored as carefully as her best tweed. It's one of the new lightweights from EATON'S Suit Shop . . . plain gabardine and shantung, or parasol-printed alpaca weaves in smooth rayons with plenty of stamina for a Summer in town.

SUIT SHOP, MAIN STORE, FOURTH FLOOR
EATON'S-COLLEGE STREET, MAIN FLOOR



A. City-bred suit in Summer-weight rayon gabardine with smooth-fitting shoulders and shield-shaped pockets; inverted pleats in skirt. "Peanut Butter" tan, light blue, aqua, red, navy. sizes 11 to 17 included. \$19.95.

Suit Shop, Fourth Floor

B. Crisp white cotton organdy blouse with eyelet embroidered front and bow, edged with lace; sizes 34 to 38 included. \$5.95.

Blouses, Fourth Floor

C. "Lady Biltmore" hat, a linen-like weave in natural straw; Breton sailor type with black, brown, navy, natural or "pugaree" (printed) band. \$5.95.

Millinery, Third Floor

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED

Two Wars Since We Met

TICK tock, tick tock, tick tock.

The routined house keeps time. Breakfast for two at eight, Luncheon for one at one, Dinner for two at seven. Kaitenbora, Woodside and Swing, Lord Haw Haw, a little from France, Tune in WQXR.

They give us jam with the pill. Bach's "Sheep may safely graze," "Now you can be as tall as she is," Purcell's Suite for Strings and Winds, "Stromberg Carlson," "New Old Golds," Beethoven's Romance in G, "Sanka" or "Savarin," which shall it be?

"Let out the dog for a run! It's time for the C.B.C. news!" . . . "Not so good but what we expected. Young Craigie was sent to Hong Kong. Poor Peggy. Come Michael! Good dog! Bed now! Do not listen more tonight, dear. Turn it off! Put out the light!"

"Goodnight, darling, sleep well!" "Goodnight!"

(Two wars since we met is too much. . . . God, I'm tired!)

"Are you asleep? Do you remember our first Christmas?"

How my mother ran for the news-boys' specials? She made us feel careless and callous.

Because we could forget a world at war.

We were young and in love, Do you remember?

Jane will be here tomorrow, Young and in love.

Let us forget the radio! Let her be young and in love

Without feeling careless and callous; To the young war spells opportunity

For heroism, sacrifice, change. To the old it is regrettable

But seems inevitable. Life is short anyway!

The middle years bear the burden of war.

Let us bear it with heads held high And courage undaunted.

"Goodnight, we must sleep now."

MURIEL M. HUMPHREY.

Canada Joins the Munitions Assignment Board

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Elliott M. Little

AMONG the most important men in Canada today is Elliott M. Little, Director of National Selective Service. As such he has been almost constantly in the public eye since his appointment in March of this year.

Last week from Mr. Little's lips came an announcement more startling than any other he has yet made. In effect, Mr. Little warned that from now until the end of the war there must be no idle Canadian men who are capable of working for Victory. In this connection, the National Service Director made the excellent point that while war industries are beginning to "feel the pinch" of labor shortage, there is no need to bring women into industry while there are employable men available who are doing nothing now.



In Mr. Little's comparatively short tenure of office, he has made other pronouncements which while perhaps not so dramatic were even more far-reaching. Most drastic of his regulations so far is that which freezes Canadian workers in their jobs unless they are prepared to join the Armed Forces or to move into essential industry.

Both the rulings referred to indicate the vast powers reposing in this man who gives every evidence of being prepared to carry them out to any limits which may be necessary for the successful prosecution of the War. In fact, after the manner of his contemporary, Donald Gordon, Wartime Prices Administrator, he is prepared to be "tough but fair" in attaining his objectives.

Robert N. Watt

WELL deserving of a place "In The Public Eye" is Robert N. Watt, president of Montreal Tramways Company, for the forthright manner in which he has recently been grappling with a wartime transportation problem. The problem of street car transportation is one which is rapidly taking on alarming proportions in many Canadian cities, as industrial employment continues in its upward course and the automobile declines in importance as a means of getting workers to and from their jobs.

In Montreal, Mr. Watt's Tramways Company is called upon to move 1,000,000 passengers every 24 hours. In an effort to increase the speed and efficiency of this service, R. N. Watt has been the leading spirit in a "Traffic Improvement Campaign" which might well set an example to other Canadian cities. Purpose of the campaign has been to educate the traveling public to the importance of facilitating the free movement of street cars as part of Montreal's war effort. Under leadership of Mr. Watt, the General Council of Service Clubs of Montreal, the city police department and other civic organizations have been instrumental in stressing the patriotic necessity of giving right of way to public conveyances which at the present time carry an ever increasing number of war workers to their jobs.

That Montreal's educational campaign to clear its streets for the free movement of essential traffic has borne fruit was indicated by Mr. Watt in a radio address made by him recently. He reported that as a result of the co-operation received by him and his committee, Montreal

What those objectives were was expressed by Mr. Little in the address he made recently before the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association. According to him each minute of time, like each pound of material, must be made to produce the maximum and to that end better employer-employee relations have got to be brought about. To accomplish this is Mr. Little's job and through him, if necessary, the Government is prepared to be very tough. However, it is felt that willing co-operation between worker and employer will prove more effective than compulsion.

How strongly Mr. Little feels on this point is demonstrated by his expressed view that the promotion of increased labor co-operation at once in expanding production from presently available facilities is a wartime management problem of the first magnitude quite equal in importance to that of manning industry in terms of mere numbers of employees.

Mr. Little, however, has been careful to point out that when he speaks of improved labor relations he does not mean paternalism. Says he: "The employee does not want nor does he ask for paternalism. He simply asks to be recognized as a responsible citizen."

In stressing this, the National Selective Service Director, who is manager of the Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Company, speaks from his own experience. "I know that men do better work if they feel they are working with you and not merely working for you. I know too that if men are encouraged to take an active interest in the operation of their plant, it is amazing what practical suggestions for improving operations and increasing production come from a long way down the line."

Tramways passengers are now receiving "speedier and more regular service."

The Tramways Company president disclosed that Montreal street cars are called upon to move 1,000,000 passengers every 24 hours and that to perform this service they travel 125,000 miles every day. He pointed out that while his Company's cars must run on the most important streets of the city and through the busiest intersections, still they have no private right of way and any form of traffic congestion means delay.

In his successful direction of the present campaign, Mr. Watt has demonstrated those abilities which have played so important a part in the management of the Montreal Tramways Company since he became associated with it in 1930. Appointed assistant to the president at that time, he brought to the organization a wealth of business experience gained both in Canada and the United States.

In 1934 he was elected vice-president and in 1936 became managing director and a member of the board of directors. In 1939, on the retirement of Julian C. Smith, Mr. Watt succeeded to the presidency.

In addition to his many other interests, Mr. Watt is a director of the Provincial Transport Company, a director of the Robert Mitchell Company and a past president of the Canadian Transit Association.



THE appointment of Canada to membership on the Munitions Assignment Board is a belated recognition of the crucial importance of Canadian production in the common arsenal of the United Nations. The Board, under the chairmanship of Harry Hopkins, does the job of assembling, on paper, the war supplies turned out by all of the United Nations and then it allocates those supplies to whatever front may need them. The decision that determines what front gets what supplies is based upon the combined judgment of the Board and the U.S.

Britain Joint Chiefs of Staffs Committee, through whom Britain, United States, Canada, Australia, etc., make known their own regional requirements.

To sit on the Munitions Assignment Board means for Canada increasing responsibilities in the making of military policy for the United Nations. These desirable advantages of membership, however, were offset to some extent by the possible effect this pooling of Canadian production would have upon Canada's supply of United States dollars, a supply vital to the Canadian war effort due to its need of U.S. machine tools, steels, engines and scores of other products.

Unless it were certain that Canada would continue to be paid, as heretofore, in U.S. dollars for its shipments of munitions to the U.S.

BY MAXWELL COHEN

This article, dealing with wartime fiscal relations between Canada and the United States, points out that the negotiations leading up to the appointment of Canada to the Munitions Assignment Board were hampered by the difficulty of Canada's U.S. dollar position.

The Dominion had to be certain that all supplies ordered from its war factories by the U.S. army and navy procurement agencies would be paid for in U.S. dollars despite the fact that they might go to Australia, Hawaii or Britain.

under the Hyde Park agreement, the already difficult problem that the Dominion faced, in finding answers to its adverse trade balance with the United States, would be intensified.

In his speech to the House of Commons in March dealing with Canada's international trade relations, the Minister of Finance, revealed that in 1941 the net adverse balance against Canada, in her trade with the United States, amounted to \$143,000,000. This included all credits to Canada on account of royalties, interest, dividends, services, tourist travel, gold shipments, sales of munitions to the U.S. under the Hyde Park Agreement, as well as sales of regularly exported supplies such as cattle, newsprint, etc.

Ordinarily, that deficit would have been made up either through gold re-

ceived by Canada from countries in the sterling area, for goods sold to them or services rendered by Canada, or by the conversion of Canada's sterling balances into U.S. dollars. This last-mentioned method has become impossible since the outbreak of war, and these shipments of gold from the United Kingdom to Canada ended in December 1940.

Increasingly, therefore, Canada will find it difficult to make up her deficits in U.S. dollars unless some way is found to replace the exchange lost through the termination of gold shipments from Britain and the non-convertibility of sterling to dollars, even if that sterling were available. But the sterling yielded by all of Canada's past sales to Britain is now frozen in a non-interest bearing loan, and all future sales (since March 31) are a straight gift

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

U.S. Tries Price Control

BY P. M. RICHARDS

THE big question in the United States these days is "Will price control halt inflation?"

Following Canada into the field of overall price control, the United States last week put a top limit on the price of all goods sold at retail except a short list of exempted items. At the same time retail sellers of commodities covered by the regulation were automatically licensed. This action put into effect the second phase of the price control program, the first having been the limitation a week earlier of the prices of goods and services sold by producers, manufacturers and wholesalers. On July 1 a ceiling over sales of services at retail is to go into operation, and then the Government's General Maximum Price Regulation plan will be fully effective.

Last week's order requires each one of the 1,900,000 retail establishments in the United States from department stores and mail order houses to the general merchant in the smallest towns, to sell practically everything eaten, used or worn by its customers at no more than the highest price the store obtained for its goods in March.

As in Canada, there is no set price fixed for the commodities to be sold. It is necessary only that the retailer price his merchandise at or under the maximums he charged in March. Also as in Canada, the maximum prices are not the same for all stores—different stores can have different top prices for identical articles. Prices of stores in a chain may differ, for the regulation specifies maximum prices charged by each individual seller.

Will It Work?

Retailers are required to post lists of "cost of living" articles giving all these March prices for hundreds of products in the categories of apparel, yard goods, home furnishings, food, tobacco, toilet goods, drugs and sundries. To the publicly displayed legal ceiling price of each article, the storekeeper may, if he likes, add his actual selling price if it is lower than the posted ceiling. Customary allowances, discounts, or other price differentials cannot be changed, except to lower the price. Thus a doctor who buys bandages or medicines from a drug-store will continue to get any professional discount he received previously.

But apparently no one, including the Office of Price Administration, expects that the OPA's General Maximum Price Regulation will be fully effective in its announced objective, the checking of inflation. Price ceilings are only one point of attack on inflation, and their degree of success in controlling inflation is indissolubly tied up with what is done on wage rates, taxes, and profits of business.

Standard Statistics points out that the freezing of virtually all prices at a more or less arbitrarily chosen level will, obviously, have a tendency to freeze profit margins at spreads which will not be equitable for all companies; margins will vary from "normal" or something approaching it to zero, depending on the price-replacement cost relationship which happened to exist on the freezing date. Moreover, the absence of a definite ceiling on wages and farm commodity prices is a continuing threat to whatever profit margin a company may be fortunate enough to retain under the freezing order. Leon Henderson has stated that he will not permit the price ceilings to be punctured but has implied that, in cases of extreme hardship, an appeal for relief will be considered.

Subsidies Too?

Raymond Moley, writing in the *Wall Street Journal*, says that if wages and labor costs keep going up, the only thing that will prevent an increase in some prices will be government subsidies. Actually, wages do not even need to rise to make it necessary for subsidies to keep costs either from forcing a higher price or closing up an industry. Unless wages decline—and the demands of the war industries make it doubtful if many wages will drop—the recession in the civilian trades will force labor costs upward. Where output has greatly diminished, goods simply can't be made at the old price.

Investment Counsel Inc., of Detroit, says that since rising prices are an effect rather than a cause, the halting of the upward price trend calls for something more than merely freezing quotations on goods, and that such a procedure, alone, would be very much like a doctor putting ice on a thermometer when taking a patient's temperature. If the price up-spiral now under way is to be stopped, it says, there are but two ways of doing it. First, the purchasing power in the hands of consumers must be reduced to the equivalent of goods available to the consumer. This can be effected by taxing away the surplus or by instituting a system of enforced savings, thereby postponing the impact of this purchasing power on prices until after the war. Second, wage increases must be limited to the savings effected through efficiencies and other forces operating to lower costs.

Mr. Henderson has taken action with respect to price ceilings, and Congress, through excess profits taxes, is holding down corporate earnings, but so far no disposition has been shown to channel away the surplus earnings of the individual. Yet it is with the individual that the real inflationary risk resides.



During their training as naval gunners, recruits for the Royal Canadian Navy fire part of their course on these rolling platforms, which give them as nearly as possible the motion of a ship at sea. Above are seen two multiple pom-poms firing at targets towed by some fast-flying aircraft.

from the people of Canada to Britain.

There are, however, several methods by which that adverse balance, and its effect upon Canada's U.S. dollar holdings can be dealt with. First, it is possible to conserve U.S. dollar balances by further restrictions on non-essential imports of U.S. goods into Canada. The Canadian Government seems to be reluctant to attempt more severe measures here because of the possible political repercussions in those sections of United States whose exports would be affected by any curtailment in such Canadian buying.

Second, an increase in gold production might provide a certain amount of additional exchange although a large portion of the present balance of payments already is provided for by sales of Canadian gold to the United States. It is unlikely, however, that there is available either the labor, materials or even the known mineral deposits to permit any substantial increase in Canadian gold production. Moreover, public opinion in both countries is beginning to doubt the long-range value, from the point of view of the best wartime use of men and resources, of digging such "non-strategic" metal out of "holes" in Canada only to return it to another hole in Fort Knox, Kentucky.

On the other hand, to stop gold production in Canada at once, in order to release the thirty to fifty thousand workmen in the industry to the armed services or munition plants, would be an extremely drastic move. It would throw whole communities in the gold mining regions of Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia, out of gear, and ruin the small business-men as well as

the farms and dairies now serving those areas.

Third, Canadians own securities and other capital in the United States to an amount, perhaps, of \$1,000,000,000 and it may be possible to regard this great fund as a source of liquid assets, convertible at any time into U.S. dollars. But because of its probable adverse effect on the U.S. security markets, any wholesale repatriation of United States securities, in the U.S., through sales from Canadian holders is unlikely, and in many ways undesirable. Indeed, because of the depressed state of the markets at this time, a fair return on such sales could not be assured. More important, however, is the fact that ownership by Canadians of these securities provides a source of foreign exchange, through dividends and interest, which makes it possible to purchase U.S. supplies.

Sales Undesirable

Sales of these exchange yielding securities, therefore, would severely damage Canada's import position with respect to the United States, once the U.S. dollars yielded from any such sales had been exhausted by heavy wartime buying. For these reasons, reasons which have a wartime and a post-war significance, any substantial sales of Canadian securities would be undesirable both for Canada and the United States.

Indeed, it may be doubted whether the substantial repatriation of British-held U.S. securities in the first year and a half of the war does not have post-war implications of an extremely undesirable nature. The reconstruction of British industries, whose skills and resources have been diverted to war production at the complete sacrifice of peace time commerce, will in part depend upon the readiness of the rest of the world, including the United States, to take British goods.

At the same time Britain's capacity to buy raw materials and machinery from the United States for its reconstruction will have been severely impaired by the liquidation of dollar-yielding securities. The argument against repatriation from the long range post-war point of view must increasingly appeal to Americans with a realistic sense of post-war needs.

Fourth, with a special amendment to the Neutrality Act it was possible, even at an early stage in Canada's war effort, for the Dominion to borrow in the U.S. money market. But Canada more specifically the Department of Finance did not resort to such borrowing since the internal cash requirements of the Federal treasury were satisfied at home by heavier taxation, together with huge war loans and savings; while the Government hoped that its exchange needs could continue to be met by means other than lending in the United States. That appears to be the policy of the Canadian Government today and unless severely pressed to do otherwise by reasons of an exceedingly adverse balance in

the future, with little foreseeable settlement, there would seem to be small reason to expect that policy to be changed.

Fifth, through a rise in U.S. tourist travel Canada might have looked for some help with its exchange requirements. But the estimated receipts from U.S. travel in 1941 probably do not exceed \$110,000,000 to \$115,000,000. That represents a considerable drop from the optimistic expectations of the Government in planning its tourist-drawing campaign in 1940. And progressively U.S. tourist travel will decline sharply as gasoline and rubber scarcities change the living habits of the American people.

U.S. Dollar Position

Sixth, the exchange problem could be dealt with by an increase in Canadian exports either of goods regularly sold to the United States or of war supplies needed by the U.S. armed forces and whose sale to the U.S. has been encouraged through the Hyde Park Agreement. This method of dealing with Canada's exchange needs makes the most sense from the point of view both of the Canadian Government and of healthy economic relations between the two countries. As the United States increasingly became the world's creditor she thereby intensified the exchange difficulties of all nations having trade relations with her under high-tariff conditions. Lend-lease, or some variation of it, was the inevitable result of impossible trade and exchange conditions facing almost every one of the Allied nations in need of U.S. supplies.

But Canada has not been and does not intend to become, at least at this time, a lend-lease beneficiary. Partly, it is national pride, but, of course, mostly it is a recognition that the exchange relations between the two countries should be dealt with in a more constructive way, so long as it is possible to do so—particularly through an increase in Canadian exports, war and non-war. It is true that lend-lease materials come to

Canada, but that happens only in the case of components for finished products that are to be shipped from Canada on account of sales to the United Kingdom. Canada itself, however, takes no lend-lease benefits on its own account.

The negotiations leading up to the appointment of Canada to the Munitions Assignment Board were hampered by the difficulty of Canada's U.S. dollar position. The Dominion had to be certain that all supplies ordered from its war factories by the U.S. Army and Navy procurement agencies would be paid for in U.S. dollars despite the fact that such supplies might be shipped to Africa, Australia, Hawaii or Britain. When assurances from the U.S. Government were forthcoming that such dollar credits would still be available to Canada, there was no further reason to inhibit any Canadian desire to join in the work of the Board.

Such diplomatic and financial jockeying among close neighbors and allies in a time of desperate urgency, may seem to many as a sad commentary on economic collaboration for purposes of total war. Upon examination, however, such a judgment must appear extraordinarily superficial, despite the fact that it is a judgment held by thousands of sincere and intelligent Canadians whose daily cry is "Get on with the war." But so long as Canada and the United States are two sovereign communities serving their own established economic organization, any sliding over the hard facts of our fiscal relations simply cannot be done. Unless we expect to be subsidized by the United States, Canadians can only purchase from their great neighbor with funds derived from sales to it, from services rendered, or from the liquidation of capital holdings in it.

Moreover, the problem of a permanently adverse balance of trade with the United States for the duration of the war could only be solved, ideally, by absolute reciprocity. But the enormous readjustments in the business and industry of Canada that such reciprocity would call for

might not be acceptable even to those Canadians who now clamor loudest for the overriding of all the "normal" exchange and trade relations between two "independent" countries. Someday that reciprocity may become desirable and possible. But today it is neither.

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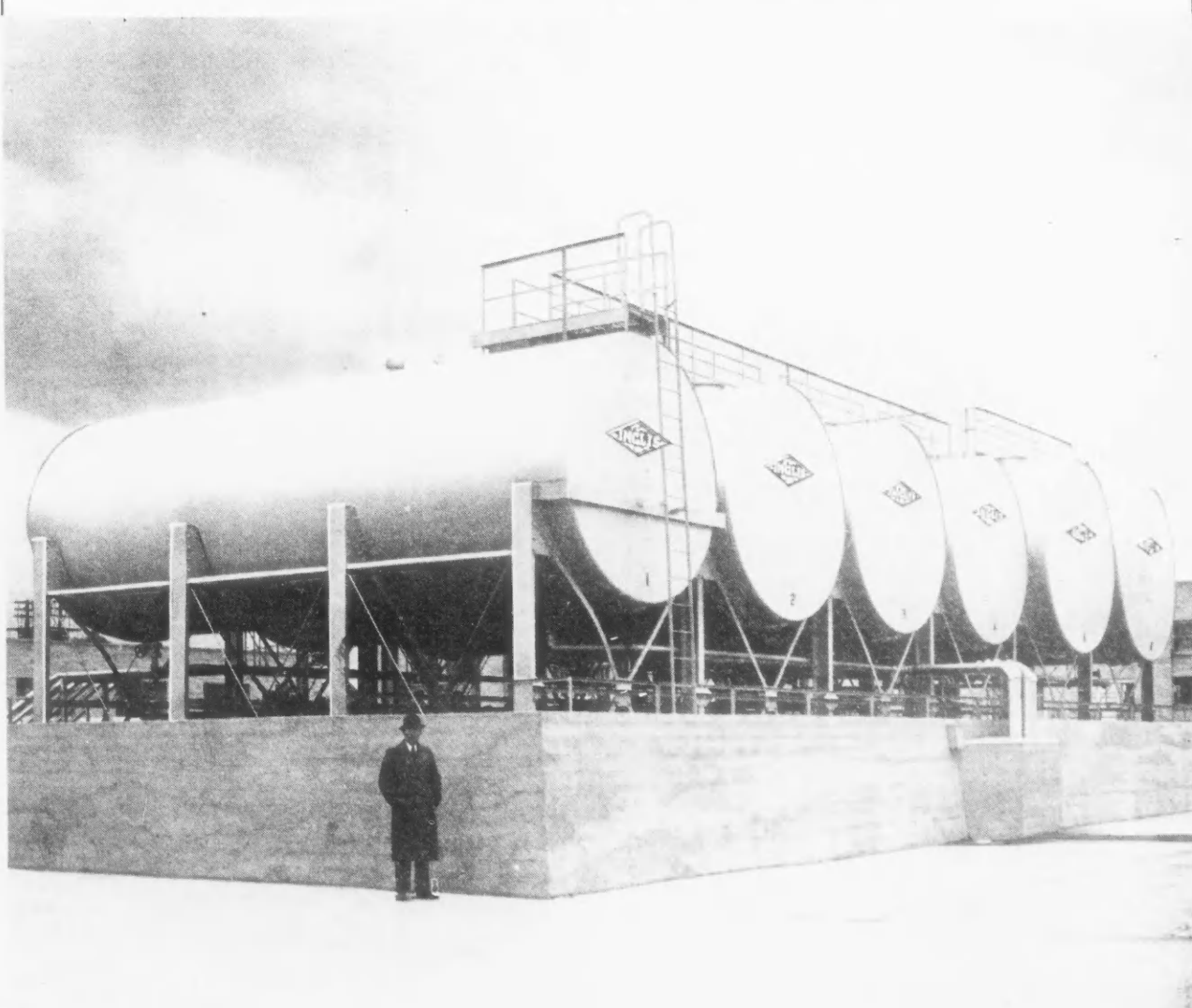
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Here is Viscount Lascelles, 19-year-old son of Princess Mary and nephew of the King, undergoing a musketry course as a private in the Grenadier Guards. He is paid 2s. 6d. a day.

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**Dominion Textile Co.**

Limited

Notice in Common Stock Dividend

A DIVIDEND of One Dollar and Twenty-five cents (\$1.25 per share), has been declared on the Common Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, for the quarter ending 30th June, 1942, payable 2nd July, 1942, to shareholders of record 5th June, 1942.

By order of the Board,

L. P. WEBSTER,
Secretary.

Montreal, May 20th, 1942.

**Dominion Textile Co.**

Limited

Notice of Preferred Stock Dividend

A DIVIDEND of One and Three Quarters per cent (1 3/4%) has been declared on the Preferred Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, for the quarter ending 30th June, 1942, payable 15th July, 1942, to shareholders of record 16th June, 1942.

By order of the Board,

L. P. WEBSTER,
Secretary.

Montreal, May 20th, 1942.

**DOMINION SUCCESSION DUTY
Brings Need For More
LIFE INSURANCE**

The Dominion Government and the Provincial Governments now exact Succession Duties on all but the smallest estates and demand payment of the duties quickly and in cash.

Will your Executors find in your estate, sufficient liquid assets, that can be quickly converted into cash, without loss, to pay these Succession Duties, and still have enough in the estate to meet the reasonable needs of your dependents?—If not, more Life Insurance is probably the best answer.

It is well to remember that Life Insurance costs less at 40 than at 55 and that it is both wise and economical to arrange for Insurance now, to build up your estate, and to meet the demands that you know will be made upon it.

Discuss your requirements with your Life Insurance underwriter—also with one of our officers available for consultation, without cost or obligation.

**THE ROYAL TRUST
COMPANY****THE FRONT PAGE**

Unique in journalism is SATURDAY NIGHT'S "Front Page", where the events of the week are commented upon with gravity or gaiety as the case may be. The Editors reserve the right to choose which attitude.

THE PUBLISHERS

SATURDAY NIGHT, *The Canadian Weekly***GOLD & DROSS**

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

BUILDING PRODUCTS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would like to have your views on the purchase of Building Products Ltd. common stock at the current price, for holding maybe until after the war. Would this be a good move, and in your opinion is the company a sound one?

R. J. T., Regina, Sask.

Yes, I think it should be a good move. The company is doing pretty well currently and may reasonably be expected to do still better after the war, when there will be a lot of building to be done. The company's big market is in the low-cost construction field, which is active in wartime and should continue to be active afterwards. A speculative factor, as in the case of most companies nowadays, is created by the possibility of wartime shortages of supplies of materials, but this has not been serious so far. Also there is the factor of higher costs, reflecting the cost-of-living bonus and the increased cost of imported supplies.

In 1941 the company earned 93

cents per common share, against 86 cents earned in 1940 and a current dividend rate of 80 cents per share annually (70 cents regular and 10 cents extra). The company is in good shape financially. As of December 31, 1941, net working capital at \$1,764,904 included \$1,374,228 of cash and investments against total current liabilities of \$867,313.

SACHIGO RIVER

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Any information you can give as to the amount of cash likely to be distributed to Sachigo River Exploration Co. shareholders and when it may be expected will be appreciated. Have all operations at the property ceased?

S. J. B. Winnipeg, Man.

Sachigo River Exploration permanently discontinued operation of both mine and mill at the end of 1941, and it will likely be some months before the assets can be distributed to the shareholders. Expectations are that approximately \$5.25 per share will be available for

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO SEVERAL-YEAR TREND: American stocks, in our opinion, entered an accumulation area in February 1941, and have subsequently been churning in that area preparatory to eventual major advance.

INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: The New York stock market is currently in process of forming a base, such as those of May-to-June 1940 and February-to-May 1941, from which intermediate advance can be expected. Evidence is lacking that the period of price unsettlement currently attendant on this base formation has ended.

RECENT NEWS ENCOURAGING

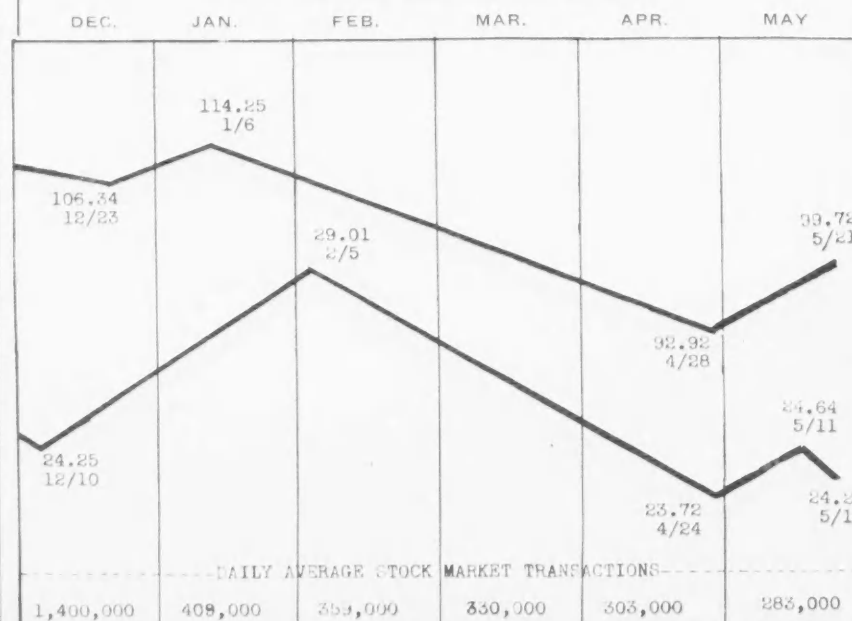
News of recent weeks has been encouraging. Mr. Churchill says that while the war is not yet won by the Allies, at least the top of the ridge is in sight. Japan has had a severe setback in the Coral Sea and has been successfully bombed by American planes. A large American convoy has landed more troops and equipment in Ireland. American output of many war supplies continues to mount. Lastly, Britain is heavily bombing Germany and the Russians report success in their drive against a section of the German lines, thereby detracting from the German offensive toward the Caucasian oil fields.

MUCH DEPENDS ON RUSSIA

Undoubtedly the eyes of the world, for the next several weeks, will be on Russia, for on those battlefields, shortly, will be settled a major issue—whether Germany is to get through to oil and thus probably substantially prolong the war, or whether the Russians have a surprise in store that will break the backbone of the German offensive. In the latter event German internal conditions should undergo a rapid deterioration. Once the German Armies lose the initiative, all Germany will recognize that "finis" is but a matter of time. As their will weakens under such adverse psychological conditions, the will of the Allies and of the people in the occupied regions will strengthen to a final crescendo of vigorous offense and victory.

MARKET ATTUNED TO WAR

We have stated on several occasions, and repeat, that the stock market is closely geared in with Allied war fortunes. As these fortunes rise, public psychology should improve, and with it the level of stock prices—particularly those issues that, with or without present war business, promise to share in post-war activity. For the one to near-term market action, we would continue to watch day-to-day developments on the Russo-German front as well as the Eastern Mediterranean oil basin. If a full technical rally is to occur at this juncture, we estimate its upper limits at 129/125 on the Dow-Jones industrial average.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES**J. P. LANGLEY & CO.**C. P. ROBERTS, F.C.A.
Chartered Accountants

Toronto

Kirkland Lake

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When the government wartime programme calls for money, be prepared. Be in a position to write your cheque. Have a balance in your savings account constantly growing. Open an account with the Canada Permanent and make deposits regularly and systematically.

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Assets Exceed \$66,000,000**THE MONTREAL
COTTONS LIMITED**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A QUARTERLY DIVIDEND OF ONE AND THREE QUARTERS PERCENT (1 3/4%), being at the rate of Seven per cent (7%) per annum, has been declared upon the preferred stock of the Company, and cheques will be mailed on the fifteenth day of June next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of May, 1942.

By Order of the Board,

CHAS. GURNHAM,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Valleyfield, May 20th 42.

The Montreal Cottons Limited

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A DIVIDEND OF ONE PERCENT (1%) has been declared upon the Common Stock of the Company, and cheques will be mailed on the fifteenth day of June next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of May, 1942.

By Order of the Board,

CHAS. GURNHAM,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Valleyfield, May 20th 42.

**PRESTON EAST DOME
MINES, LIMITED**

(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND NO. 11

NOTICE is hereby given that the regular quarterly dividend of five cents per share has been declared on the issued Capital Stock of the Company, payable in Canadian funds, July 15th, 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of June, 1942.

By Order of the Board,

L. I. HALL,
Secretary.

Toronto, May 19th, 1942.

**PIONEER GOLD MINES
OF B. C. LIMITED**

N.P.L.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of eight cents (8c) per share on the paid up capital stock of the Company has been declared for the quarter ending on the 30th day of June 1942, payable on the 2nd day of July 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of May 1942.

By order of the Board,

ALFRED E. BULL,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Vancouver, B.C., May 12, 1942.

**NATIONAL STEEL CAR CORPORATION
LIMITED****NOTICE OF DIVIDEND**

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of fifty cents (50c) per share has been declared payable on July 15th, 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business, June 30th, 1942.

By order of the Board,

CHAS. W. ADAM,
Secretary.

GOLD & DROSS

the shareholders, of which \$4.50 will be tax free, as a return of capital. Considerable detail has to be carried out before the taxable position can be defined.

Immediately milling operations ended, a start was made on dismantling of the plant, and I understand a considerable portion of the machinery and all usable supplies have been sold. As at December 31 last the company had \$169,513 cash, \$41,484 metals in transit, \$302,625 Dominion of Canada bonds and \$763 accounts receivable, a total of \$514,371 as against current liabilities of \$18,040. Supplies were valued at \$15,679. Out of the 100,000 no par shares authorized, 98,990 were outstanding.

CAN. WESTINGHOUSE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I own, amongst other things, a few shares of Canadian Westinghouse capital stock and would like to have your opinion regarding the advisability of continuing to hold them. Do you consider the dividend safe and the financial position and earnings outlook of the company reasonably secure?

D.W.S., Montreal, Que.

The answer is yes. The dividend rate is \$2 per share annually, and to cover this the company had earnings of \$2.60 per share in 1941 (incidentally after making special provision of \$250,000 for post-war rehabilitation, equal to 46 cents per share), comparing with \$2.20 per share earned in 1940, \$1.52 in 1939 and \$2.42 in 1938. Actually the company's total income last year was by far the largest in its history, \$3,885,745 against \$3,241,534 for 1940, but heavy increases in taxes were mainly instrumental in bringing net income down to \$1,418,312, against \$1,203,382.

Last year the company produced a very large volume of electrical products for war purposes as well as other special munitions, and this demand is continuing, more than offsetting the effects of the restrictions on manufacture of domestic appliances. Air Brake Department sales rose largely last year, reflecting the heavy railway traffic movement, and should continue high this year. The company is in a strong position financially, with net working capital of \$10,165,086 at the end of 1941.

DOME

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please advise me as to my stock in Dome Mines. It was bought in 1939 at \$32.50. The last dividend of 40 cents instead of the former 50 cents came as a shock, and a newspaper item on the situation was even more alarming. Is there danger of complete shut-down and loss? Would you advise a sale now to salvage the remains?

V. E., Whitby, Ont.

Steps already taken by Dome Mines in cutting the milling rate is to obviate, if possible, the necessity for a complete shut-down should the situation as regards supplies and labor become more acute. The fact that a large, well-established producer is forced to curtail operations emphasizes the seriousness of supply and labor shortages, but I would regard the likelihood of a total shut-down as remote, and the present re-employment will conserve needed supplies and offset the unfavorable labor situation. The lower tonnage will mean higher costs and it is possible profits will not be sufficient to continue the present dividend, but I would be inclined to retain the shares as once the war is won there is no doubt that the gold mines will again come into their own.

With smaller profits in sight indications at present point to annual earnings not exceeding the \$1.60 required for dividends and this may not be reached. Sigma Mines, in which Dome owns 600,000, out of the issued capital of 1,000,000 shares, may provide a larger return this year, but again the difficulties which confront the parent company may be experienced there. Production at Dome



WATCH THE BACK ROAD!

may be down as much as \$1,000,000, annually, operating costs will be higher but there will be a considerable saving in income and excess profit taxes. As Jules Bache, president points out . . . "gold in the mine will not deteriorate and if not taken out now would be taken out later" and adds, the only real sufferer will be the Federal Government, which will not get as big a sum in income taxes.

The ore reserve and working capital position is good, and the investments substantial and varied. Ore reserves are sufficient for over four years' milling. The mine is stated officially as looking exceedingly well and with less intensive mining it will be possible to do greater development to better advantage.

INT. METAL INDUSTRIES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

As a preferred shareholder of International Metal Industries, I would like to know why, in view of the company's good year, the payments on preferred arrears were down last year as compared with the previous year. What is your opinion of the prospects for further reduction of arrears? How is the company fixed financially now?

V. S. P., Saint John, N.B.

From prospects for the year, as evidenced by earnings for the first quarter, it will be possible to reduce dividend arrears on the preferred stock of International Metal Industries, Ltd., in 1942, and, if profits for 1943 are up to the expectancy for 1942, to liquidate all arrears by the end of next year. A. L. Ellsworth, president, stated at the annual meeting.

W. E. Maun, vice-president and general manager, stated that operating profits for the first quarter of 1942 were \$155,000 greater than for the first quarter of 1941. However, provision for income taxes was in-

creased by \$170,000 and the net results were 7.8 per cent less than a year ago. As to the outlook for the year, Mr. Maun stated he could not conceive of a more difficult situation and referred to increased taxes and labor shortage. He said the company had an organization able and experienced, and shareholders could expect the company to do somewhat better than the average company.

One of the reasons that payments on preferred arrears in 1941 were less than in 1940 presumably was heavy capital expenditures in the past year, as a result of which gross fixed assets increased over \$575,000, compared with \$240,000 in 1940. Notwithstanding these heavy expenditures, net working capital at the end of 1941 was well maintained at \$4,549,684 against \$4,591,031 in 1940. Cash was increased to \$1,792,273 from \$1,581,879, and bank loans were cut in half to \$300,000. However, payables and accruals increased to \$1,198,499 from \$687,165 and tax provision to \$1,215,601 from \$526,302.

CREDO PORCUPINE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have heard nothing for a long time about Credo Porcupine Gold Mines, but recently was informed that the company was in bankruptcy. Is this correct?

R. J. V., Lachine, Que.

Yes, Credo Porcupine Gold Mines made an authorized assignment in bankruptcy early in March and the property is to be sold by tender on May 30. The company has been inactive for over three years, due to inability to raise finances. The present management had done considerable diamond drilling on a wide sulphide zone which exploration is reported to have indicated about 40,000 tons of ore averaging around \$12.50 a ton. With finances available it was proposed to sink a new shaft. The Eastern Trust Co. is trustee.

News of the Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

VENTURES, LTD., and Sudbury Basin Mines, Ltd., are engaged in working out terms of consolidation. The merging of these two companies will establish one of the more important mining organizations in the dominion. Among their combined holdings are these interests: over 75 per cent of the issued shares of Falconbridge Nickel Mines; over 78 per cent of La Luz Mines; about 83 per cent of American Nepheline; over 62 per cent of Sudbury Basin; over 54 per cent of Matachewan Consolidated; over 51 per cent of Coniarum Mines; over 50 per cent of Eureka Corp.; over 49 per cent of Lake Du-Fault; over 43 per cent of Beattie Gold Mines; over 40 per cent of Hoyle Gold Mines; over 37 per cent of Canadian Malartic Gold Mines.

Sylvanite Gold Mines at Kirkland Lake is the first of the important gold producing mines of that area to completely recover from the effects

of the labor strike of some months ago. Sylvanite reached normal rate of 600 tons daily this week.

Gold is coming in for increasing official attention at Washington. Fears of too great an accumulation of the precious metal at Washington no longer exist. Instead, the eyes of the administration are focussed upon the fact that the world at large is not only absorbing the entire world production of some \$1,400,000,000 annually, but is also making it necessary for the United States to relinquish some of its stores for shipment abroad. All signs indicate a steady increase in the flow of gold away from North America.

As a result of the increasingly important part which gold is playing in the war program of the United Nations, there has been a recent tendency in the United States to extend

more liberal treatment to the requests of gold mines for machinery and supplies.

Steep Rock Iron Mines is making good progress toward a solution of problems associated with transportation. An important announcement may be possible within the next few days.

McIntyre-Porcupine Mines closed the fiscal year ending March 31 with 4,392,435 tons of ore in reserve. This contained an estimated \$56,054,086.

the highest reserve in the history of the enterprise. The company has current assets of \$21,989,600 and current liabilities of \$2,422,307. The net working capital is at a new high peak of \$19,577,293.

Nickel Offsets, Ltd., is disclosing rich ore at the 350 ft. level. While chief importance is attached to the nickel-copper content of the ore yet the directors are impressed with the fact that recent assays have shown around 87 per cent in metals of the platinum group.

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IN WARTIME the protection of life and property takes on added importance, as the conservation of our resources of all kinds is regarded as a grim necessity. Thus the prevention of loss by fire becomes a matter of especial concern, because the destruction of material damage by fire of industrial or mercantile establishments, although the loss is covered by insurance, may seriously hamper or retard the country's war effort.

Last year there was a marked increase both in the number of fires and in the aggregate fire loss in Canada. According to the annual report of the Dominion Fire Commissioner, there were 48,609 fires in this country during the twelve months ended December 31, 1941, or 1,980 more than in the previous year, while total property loss from fire during the same period was \$28,042,907, or \$5,307,643 greater than in 1940.

Attention is directed to the very large increase in the number of fires and in the property loss in manufacturing plants, although some increase was to be expected in view of the stepped up industrial expansion which took place during the year. The number of such fires was 1,591, as compared with 1,162 in 1940, while the property loss was \$5,957,071, as com-

pared with \$4,140,311 in 1940. It is somewhat reassuring to find that in only three cases was the cause attributed to sabotage. In one of these fires the loss was negligible, while in the other two the loss was about \$52,000.

Loss by Provinces

All Provinces but one showed an increased fire loss in 1941, and all Provinces but one—the same Province, British Columbia—showed a loss above the average loss for the past five years. Alberta's loss was \$1,856,335, as compared with \$1,265,917 in 1940, and its five-year average of \$1,432,160. The Alberta Government now transacts fire insurance through a government insurance office, though the volume is not large.

British Columbia's fire loss last year was \$1,608,819, as compared with

\$1,966,867 in 1940, and its five-year average of \$1,991,081. Manitoba's loss was \$1,212,818, as compared with \$1,029,168 in 1940, and its five-year average of \$997,653. New Brunswick's loss was \$2,352,732, as compared with \$925,474 in 1940, and its five-year average of \$1,238,061.

Ontario's loss was \$8,727,294, as compared with \$8,100,473 in 1940, and its five-year average of \$8,456,475. Quebec's loss was \$9,655,785, as compared with \$7,094,675 in 1940, and its five-year average of \$8,227,023. Nova Scotia's loss was \$1,545,084 as compared with \$1,508,544 in 1940, and its five-year average of \$1,512,563. Prince Edward Island's loss was \$250,275, as compared with \$186,183 in 1940, and its five-year average of \$199,216. Saskatchewan's loss was \$833,764, as compared with \$657,963 in 1940, and its five-year average of \$753,439.

When the fire loss last year in the various Provinces is computed on a per capita basis, New Brunswick shows the highest per capita loss with \$5.18. Quebec comes next with \$2.90; Nova Scotia next with \$2.70; then Prince Edward Island with \$2.66; Alberta with \$2.35; Ontario with \$2.32; British Columbia with \$2.02; Manitoba with \$1.68; then comes Saskatchewan with \$0.94, a considerably lower per capita loss than that of any other Province. The per capita loss for the entire country last year was \$2.46, as compared with \$2.01 in 1940.

Public Apathetic

Thus both the total loss and the per capita loss by fire showed a marked increase in Canada last year, and once again emphasizes the need of greater efforts in the safeguarding of life and property from loss by fire. It is strange but true that it is difficult to arouse much interest on the part of the public in the subject of fire prevention, although they are financially affected by the heavy yearly losses by fire and by the high cost of the upkeep of the fire protection services.

Despite the money and effort expended by the public authorities as well as by the insurance interests to enlighten the masses, a surprisingly large number of people evidently still look upon fire prevention activities as efforts engineered by the insurance companies in order to reduce their losses and so make more profit for themselves.

Although it is true that the insurance companies do benefit to a certain extent by a decrease in fire losses, it is also a fact that the public benefit to a much greater extent through increased safety of life and property and also by way of a lower rate for fire insurance, as the amount of the fire losses over a given area measures the amount which the insurance companies must collect in premiums from the insuring public in addition to a sum for expenses and profit if they are to remain in business and continue to furnish indemnity to those who suffer loss by fire.

Responsibility for fire prevention and fire protection rests primarily upon the public and not upon the insurance companies; their business being to fix premium rates according to the hazards involved, so as to distribute the losses fairly among the insured. Why, then, do the insurance interests spend so much time and

money in educational and engineering work in order to better safeguard life and property against the menace of fire?

It is largely because it is realized in the business that while insurance companies profit because of the ever-present possibility of fire in all communities, the yearly destruction of material wealth by fire is of such proportions as to be an economic menace and that therefore they owe a duty to the public to do what they can to bring about a reduction in the yearly fire waste. It is a recognition of the principle that those whose commercial activities result from any given condition, such as fire, the effects of which are detrimental, cannot avoid the responsibility of taking steps to limit its public menace.

Insurance Services

Accordingly, the insurance companies in their associated capacity have established and maintain well-equipped engineering departments, loss investigation bureaus, and other services which are constantly at work with the main object of reducing the heavy toll from fire in this country which in the past ten years has resulted in an aggregate property loss of \$269,134,892 and in the loss of 2,785 lives. Many engineering surveys of cities and towns have been made for the purpose of formulating measures which would protect them against the danger of conflagrations.

These surveys involve no expense to the municipalities, although they embrace expert investigation of the water works, fire department, fire alarm system, and other fire department auxiliaries, and a careful check-up of the physical conditions in the mercantile and manufacturing districts. The water supply, being of primary importance, is studied with respect to its source, reservoirs, pressure, size and arrangement of mains, spacing of hydrants, and other essential matters.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I should like your advice regarding an insurance situation. I have two life insurance policies, one for \$1,000, 20-year endowment, costing \$43.88; one \$5,000 twenty-pay Life, costing \$70.95. The former policy was taken out in 1926, at the age of 16, and I have a loan of about \$400 on it. The latter was taken out in 1929, age 19, and has a loan of \$200 against it. Interest payments on the \$600 amounts to roughly \$36 annually.

Dividends on the endowment are \$5 a year, \$20 on the twenty-pay policy. Of late years, I have left the dividends to accumulate, have paid all premiums and interest, but have never at any time been able to pay back anything on the indebtedness, and am not too hopeful on that score for the future either. The loans were incurred during the depression, to pay the premiums.

As you will see, I'm setting aside about \$12 a month on insurance account. What bothers me is that I'll want more insurance in another few years, possibly some sort of a retirement policy, and I'm wondering (since it will cost me more than) if

you would recommend that I convert these two policies right now? Naturally, I would lose money if I took their cash value today rather than let them mature. I don't need any extra money, and could possibly put aside another \$5 per month on insurance account now. I am now 32, single. The whole thing seems rather complicated and possibly you could offer some suggestions? Your column is one of the interesting things about SATURDAY NIGHT, to which I have subscribed for years.

M. D. C., Moose Jaw, Sask.

In my opinion, the way in which you can get the most value for the money out of your insurance policies is to use the accumulated dividends and the extra \$5 a month you can put aside for the purpose of paying off the policy loans by instalments. As the policy loans bear 6 per cent interest, every sum applied in reduction represents an annual saving, decreasing the loan interest by 6 per cent of each payment and increasing the net equity in the policies correspondingly. Where else can you get what amounts to 6 per cent on your money? It is a considerably higher rate than your accumulated dividends are earning, so why not take advantage of it? By so doing you will be making the most advantageous use of any available funds under the existing circumstances, and you will also be increasing the net amount of your insurance protection and the amount of funds which will be available for retirement income purposes.

Editor, About Insurance:

I have made inquiry at the local office as to the cost of a Government annuity, payable to husband and wife and guaranteed for 10 years, and find that the purchase price is \$11,404 for \$60 per month; age of self and wife is the same, 58 years. We have that sum in 3½ per cent Dominion Government 1966 bonds, the interest return on which is \$370 per annum or about \$30.88 per month. Under the annuity we would receive \$60 per month, the difference between the two amounts, \$29.12, evidently representing the repayment of principal per month under the annuity. A life expectancy of another 20 years, with approximately \$360 return of principal per annum shows a total return of principal of \$7,200.

I am wondering if the above calculations are correct. If they are, the purchase of an annuity does not appear a very favorable step to take. Yet we feel we would like to take out an annuity. Perhaps there are angles we have overlooked. Could we trouble you for your opinion and advice?

E. P. M., Edmonton, Alta.

Your information as to the cost of a Dominion Government Immediate Last Survivor Annuity, guaranteed for ten years, for yourself and wife is correct, and exact cost being \$11,404.80, for \$60 per month as long as you both live, so that when one of you die the full amount of \$60 will continue to be paid to the survivor as long as he or she lives, with payments guaranteed for ten years in any event, so that should you both die before payments had been made for ten years the remainder of the payments would go to your heirs. Thus the government guarantees to return a total of at least \$7,200 under this annuity.

Of course the object in purchasing an annuity is to secure the largest income compatible with safety for the rest of life for the amount of the purchase price. The \$60 per month payable under this annuity represents a yearly return of not quite 6½ per cent on the \$11,404.80, though necessarily in providing this income—the principal of the purchase price is being used up, so that at death there is nothing left. But the counterbalancing advantage—and the one which induces people to take out annuities—is that the income is one which cannot be outlived however far into the future your life or the life of your wife may extend. Another thing—the amount of the income cannot be reduced whatever may happen to income from other investments such as stocks, bonds, mortgages or real estate.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Fire Waste Increases in Canada

BY GEORGE GILBERT

Safeguarding life and property against the deadly menace of fire is of prime importance at all times, but especially at present when the destruction or serious damage by fire of an industrial plant working on war orders may hold up the delivery of vital supplies to the fighting forces.

Last year there was a marked increase in the fire loss in Canada. The property loss totalled \$28,042,907, or \$5,307,643 greater than in 1940, while the deaths by fire numbered 323, or 80 more than in the previous year. As most of the loss of life and property by fire is preventable, the need of more effective safety measures is apparent.



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Coal Ration Rouses Britain

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

As the world knows, the people of Britain have abundantly proved their willingness to accept sacrifice and hardship in wartime. But the present proposal to ration coal has brought wide resentment. Why coal, of which Britain has always had more than she could use?

The reason is shortage of manpower. It is suggested that men be released from the army to work the mines. Probably this will be done in part and there will also be some reduction of consumption.

WHY has there been such a burst of indignation in Britain, such a surging of antagonism, over the Government's proposal to ration fuel? Certainly, the Government did not expect that the scheme devised by Sir William Beveridge, would so outrage the Press and a large proportion of the House of Commons, to say nothing of the public. Rationing previously had, in a wide range of commodities essential to life, been pretty hard, and was growing harder. But the people were cheerful about it, and the popular Press not always wrong in suggesting that they would gladly suffer ten times the burden. What, then, is there special about coal rationing which is so disturbing?

There are three main things. The politicians find the idea bad because the production of coal is a breast-

plate of Government policy, and this new protection must reflect upon the ability with which the old one was forged. They see that the Government is laying itself open to the very biting criticism that it is forced to ration coal because its production policy is a failure, and that it is proposing to do it in a way which attempts to lay a smoke screen over the failure.

The economists, remembering that coal was a major British export, and intimately aware of the incoherent economic war policy which brought thousands of men away from necessary mines to put them into inactive armies, are concerned because they see in the proposition, not a fair recognition of an economic lapse and an attempt to put it right, but a transferring of the solution on to an altogether wrong plane.

Why Coal?

The man in the street, who will put up with a loss of eggs and meat and even tobacco because he knows we cannot afford shipping to bring more into the country, wonders why the devil he should also have to go short of coal, of which we have always produced more than we ever needed at home. And when he is told that the new plan will employ 12,000 more civil servants, he answers that many extra miners at work would make rationing unnecessary.

Not everyone, however, is so critical. The *Economist*, for instance, condones the rationing principle on the ground that reduced consumption as well as more output is necessary if war needs are to be fully satisfied. This view overlooks two important points. The first is that the sustenance of morale is itself an important war need (as, indeed, the Government recognizes in allowing such a remarkable high import priority for tobacco). The second is that mine capacity is very ample to satisfy both civilian and military requirements if only the miners are available, and that the number of miners required to build up stocks from the present 12,000,000 tons to

the minimum desideratum of 20,000,000 and to increase weekly production by the extra 1½ million or so tons needed to match current consumption, would not be large. There are others, too, for whom the trademark "Beveridge" is a sufficient guarantee. The scheme, they say, must obviously be workable that bears his name, and must be sound economically. But almost any scheme is workable at a cost. The point is that the cost may be too high.

In the debate in the House the Government will almost certainly ask its critics what other course was open. It will say, no doubt, that the position had developed where consumption was outrunning production and where stocks were not enough to cover the deficiency on a reasonable war view. Ninety per cent of the critics will answer that the problem could even now be solved, without recourse to rationing, by expanding production. Make the Army release the miners, they will say. Let the industries which harbor "refugee" miners be forced to disgorge them. Some better informed ones might add that with the existing labor supply we could, by working the outcrop seams—the seams of coal which lie just below the surface of the earth—quadruple our stocks within a year.

The net result is likely to be a compromise. The Government can hardly yield on the principle of the thing, and it is anyway true that the stage has been reached where, if production is not increased, consumption must be reduced; and it is unlikely that the opposition will be able to find many faults with the proposed practice of the rationing once it has swallowed the principle. Sir William Beveridge disregards the traditional system, which fixed the ration on the basis of past consumption. His guide is current need, which is decided by the size of the house and the number of people living in it. To solve the problem of stocks privately held would mean adding a few more thousand to the army of 12,000 administrators already involved in the conception of the scheme, and will be better left untouched.

But on one very important point the opponents of the plan may get their way. They should be able to force the Government on to the defensive, and out of any apologia for its slackness in coal policy it should be possible to draw the ruling that the rationing scheme will be imposed purely as a temporary measure until such time as a new production drive brings the position round.

That is how the matter now appears to Whitehall and to economic circles. It is unfortunate that at a time when the United Nations are developing the offensive spirit and



Indicative of how Bolivians feel about Germany is this street scene in La Paz which shows "V for Victory" signs on Nazi-owned shop fronts.

not only the spirit—it should be necessary for the nation's representatives to get up in the House of Commons and accuse the Government of the "too little and too late" disease which killed the Chamberlain Administra-

tion and invalidated our war effort for so many vital months. It is better so, however, than for the Government to be deluded into the idea that it can work with the unquestioned inscrutability of a Baldwin.

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